

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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AN INSECT · CHANGING THE WORLD

WHAT A WEEVIL IS DOING

PLAGUE THAT STAGGERS AMERICA

Black Outlook for the Vast Cotton Industry

WHERE WILL IT END?

A tiny insect is rapidly changing the face of the industrial world. It will soon be affecting not only masses of men and their labour in many lands, but ships and steamship cargoes on the seas.

It is the now famous cotton boll weevil, which, according to the Chief of the United States Bureau of Entomology, is this season infesting 95 per cent. of the cotton-growing areas of America. The present plague is the heaviest ever recorded.

Every section of the cotton belt is affected, and the outlook for the United States is very black, as the cotton reserves are fast being annihilated. Unfortunately, the only satisfactory weapon with which to fight the pest, calcium arsenate, exists in such small quantities that it is of no real service. The whole available supply of this poison will treat only 600,000 of the 34 million acres planted with cotton.

God's Own Cotton Land

The result of the work of this pest is a great change in the industrial world. It looks as if America must lose for ever her supremacy in cotton and cease to be what she has always called herself, "God's Own Cotton Land." What this supremacy was may be gathered from the fact that 34 years ago the United States grew 3420 million pounds out of the 4783 million pounds produced by the whole world. Even so recently as 1906 she produced more than 13½ million bales out of the world's crop of 21 million bales.

Now, however, thanks to the cotton boll weevil and one or two other pests, the 1921 crop has shown a smaller yield in the American Cotton Belt than in any year since 1895. This year's prospects are even worse.

Millions of Spindles

The manufacture of cotton goods is one of the world's greatest industries, for by far the greater portion of the world's peoples dress in cotton garments, and there are now 153½ million spindles at work turning out cotton cloth. The shortage of cotton in America, therefore, is extremely serious for very many countries.

So precarious, indeed, is the position that cotton-using countries are urging all lands where cotton can be grown to increase their acreage and produce a larger and larger crop, so that the cotton factories of the world may not be starved of raw material.

At a recent international cotton congress held in Stockholm it was strongly urged that propaganda work

Gathering in the Sheaves



The busiest time of the year in the countryside is when the harvest is being gathered during the autumn, and, as we can see here, the boys enjoy helping their fathers to garner the corn that will be made into bread during the coming winter

should be undertaken in China, South America, and other countries, advocating that cotton be grown in ever-increasing quantities, so that there might not be a world famine.

With danger threatening the entire crop in the United States it is essential that every effort be made to extend other cotton areas, and it is proposed to call a congress of all cotton-growing countries to discuss international legislation, to prevent the spread of the various cotton pests.

What adds to the difficulties of the situation is the fact that, with the growing shortage, there is an increasing demand for cotton in America itself, so that it seems certain that European manufacturers will never again be able to get from the United States all the cotton they require.

The only hope for the world, therefore, is that suitable cotton shall be grown elsewhere to make up for the shortage. Great efforts are being made to stimulate the growing of cotton within the Empire, and Queensland is

taking an important part in this. Last year her crop amounted to about 895,000 pounds, but this year it is estimated to reach four-and-a-half-million pounds—a splendid increase.

The time is not far off, it is hoped and believed, when Australia will have a cotton belt as valuable as that of America. Some experts, indeed, declare that Australian cotton will be of even higher quality than American, which has been for a long time the best on the market as regards length of fibre, fineness, and strength.

Strange, it is that an insect should thus change the industrial areas of the world! From one country it takes away; to another it gives new opportunities. Transport everywhere will be affected by the changing areas of cotton fields, and who knows where such small beginnings may have their end?

While men and nations fool about with war, wasting their substance and brains in its mad havoc, the Insect Kingdom goes on its way, more powerful than a German army.

SNAKE IN THE GRIP OF A SNAKE

FEARFUL THINGS THAT SOMETIMES HAPPEN

The French and English Snakes at the London Zoo

LYING IN WAIT TO KILL

The attack on a boy by a baby viper, which we reported not long ago, has brought a strange story from Lord Fisher, who tells of a deadly Russell viper he came across when he was in India.

There is a certain lazy arrogance about Russell vipers which distinguishes them from other snakes. By tapping a stick on the ground it is possible, says Lord Fisher, to scare cobras and other deadly snakes out of the path. But not so the Russell vipers; they remain defiantly in the way, to bite and kill.

A specimen, over forty inches long, sent to Lord Fisher had a suspicious look about the head; it could not close its jaws. Examination proved that it had eaten another snake, and had in its inside one of its own kind. It had swallowed another Russell viper only a foot shorter than itself! So viper poison cannot be fatal to vipers, or the devourer would have been killed.

When Snake Poison is Harmless

That seems to support the assertion of observers that the deadly venom of a poisonous snake is harmless to one of its own kind. Against that, however, we have to remember that a viper eating a snake would probably kill automatically by an envenomed bite. It is a mysterious fact that snake-poison does not kill if swallowed, but only if introduced into the blood-stream through the skin.

There were once two snakes at the Zoo of the non-poisonous English and French kinds. The English snake was discovered one day, with its body enormously distended, slowly swallowing the French snake, half of whose body had disappeared, head foremost, down the throat of the other. At intervals the diner gave a gulp, and a little more of the living meal was engulfed. The prisoner, wriggling to free itself, only made its progress into captivity more easy, for at each movement, with its captor's backward-curving fangs fixed behind the victim's scales, the pull was down the English snake's throat.

An Amazing Adventure

But discovery meant defeat for the cannibal. A keeper took the English snake by the tail, shook it several times, and thumped it gently against the wall to loosen its hold. The victim, after violent wriggling, fell to the ground.

Except that it seemed a little confused on returning to daylight, the redeemed prisoner was not a bit the worse for its amazing adventure, but soon slithered across the floor and shot under a carpet. The criminal snake, on being released by the keeper, appeared indignant, and glided about the cage with head erect, hissing furiously.

W. H. HUDSON MAN WHO LOVED THE BIRDS

English Literature Loses a
Matchless Writer
FRIEND OF OUTDOOR LIFE

Every lover of birds who has studied how they and their ways can be pictured in words will have sighed over the death of W. H. Hudson, the most satisfying writer about birds in the English language.

Few who made a point of reading everything Mr. Hudson wrote will have thought of him as a man of eighty. We knew he had often been ill, and must be frail. We suspected he was rather poor, and we thought of him as shy, like the birds he loved to watch and to describe.

We saw his mind as that of a friend who had lured us into outdoor life, and had watched and listened for us with a quietness and skill we could not hope to imitate, and then had told us, in words of simple beauty, what we ought to have seen and heard.

But though he was always on the scene himself, we never saw him except through his impressions of Nature. And so it comes as somewhat of a shock to think of him, so keen in his observation, even in a new book this year, dying now at the age of 80.

Music of the Birds

The two English writers who are brought to mind, and placed naturally with W. H. Hudson, are Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies; but Hudson was a more sympathetic observer even than White, and a more simple writer than Jefferies, who set himself to work up deliberate descriptions, whereas Hudson's words were as natural and free as a bird's song.

Though he was born in Argentina, and spent his youth there, coming away with a knowledge of all its birds in his memory, their colours, their flight and habits, and the notes of their songs, he soon knew every English bird in the same way, after he had sauntered about this land of his own race.

Perhaps his most wonderful gift was his memory of sounds. He claimed that he never forgot the song of any bird, however brief it might be; and no writer, unless it be the American naturalist John Burroughs, has so well described the quality and character of the different bird-voices.

The Spirit of Sympathy

Here is a sentence of his that includes several of the bird-musicians: "Beautiful, nay, perfect, the song of the nightingale may be, but the hearer misses from it something of human feeling which makes the imperfect songs so enchanting—the overflowing gladness of the lark; the spirit of wildness of the blackcap; the airy, delicate tenderness of the willow-wren; and the serene happiness of the blackbird."

The spirit of sympathy which made W. H. Hudson, aiding the natural keenness of his senses, such a delightful interpreter of birds—their character, beauty of form and colour, and melody—extended also to other forms of animal life, to the lowlier life of plants, and to the expanding powers of men, and one sighs to think that his tender spirit will no more teach us how to gain delight from what is lovely in Nature. But, happily, much that he has written is so well written that it will long endure through its sweet and plaintive beauty.

SAVING A FORTNIGHT

The Canadian Pacific Railway is arranging for special trans-Continental trains to link up its trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific liners, so that passengers from Europe to Yokohama will arrive there a fortnight sooner than by taking the old route through Suez.

LEAP FROM A WINDOW

MODEST HEROINE'S
GREAT STORY

Holding the Horns of a Savage
Beast

TALE TOLD IN SCHOOL

Most women have a horror of cattle, as humanity has of snakes.

Probably Miss A. Mackenzie, of Elwick, in Durham, shares the common dread of horned beasts, but she is one of those brave souls whom a crisis can raise above fears for safety. Quite by chance the story of a fine act of gallantry on her part has come to light.

Miss Mackenzie is cook at a home for crippled children at Elwick, and there, looking out of a window, she saw a man engaged in a death struggle with a cow. The infuriated animal had borne him to the ground, and was goring him with its horns. Without waiting to run through the house and so leave by the door, the courageous woman jumped from the window, climbed a five-barred gate, and rushed to the rescue.

But she herself was defenceless. She had only her bare hands with which to challenge the maddened beast. They sufficed, however, backed by rare bravery. She seized the cow by its horns, and, partly by strength, partly by the audacity of her attack, diverted its attention from its victim to herself.

A Daring Risk

Now she was in the position of the man in the fable, who, having grasped a ravenous wolf by the ears, dared not let go lest the animal flew at his throat.

So she had to continue clinging to the horns of the terrible creature until she herself received assistance. The matron of the home was, fortunately, made aware of what was happening, and, with a courage almost equalling that of the faithful cook, she ran up and beat the animal off.

The two women returned to the house and to their ordinary duties, and nobody would have been any the wiser but for a strange chance. The children in the home were set to write a number of examination papers, and in these the story appeared as an essay.

The little narrative was read by the secretary of the home, and the result, quite unexpected by the heroine, is that the name of Miss Mackenzie has been brought to the notice of the Royal Humane Society. She risked her life for a poor cowman; and the heroism of Grace Darling was no higher.

STRANGE SCENE ON A LAKE

Thousands of Dead Fish

A strange thing has just happened near Naples. Thousands of fish suddenly appeared on the surface of Lake Lubrino, twisting and turning about in violent agitation. Then, gradually, their movements ceased and they floated dead on the water.

The only explanation that can be offered for this strange happening is that poisonous gases must have invaded the water through vents in the volcanic bed of the lake, and that the unfortunate fish were gassed.

The water is to be tested to see if it has been poisoned, in which case the results will be serious, for there are extensive fisheries carried on in the lake, and they may have been destroyed.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A pair of Georgian side-tables	£514
A Louis XVI inlaid library table	£430
Cromwellian screen and 12 chairs	£223
Fire-screen of Aubusson tapestry	£199
Carved chair on six legs	£66

BATTLE WITH ICE AND WAVES

Disaster to a British
Warship

HOW THE CREW OF THE
RALEIGH WAS SAVED

About 800 officers and men from the British cruiser Raleigh, wrecked off the Labrador Coast, have arrived in England and tell a thrilling story.

Most of the crew were at tea when there came suddenly a terrific crash, and as the men rushed up on deck they found that the vessel was already settling down.

The ship had crashed on the rocks, actually jumping over one and coming down on another to which it remained fast. The order, given at once, to get out collision mats was useless, for the bottom of the great ship had been almost torn out; so a boat was launched and made for the shore with a lifeline.

But through the fog could be seen a raging whirlpool of surf lying between the vessel and the shore, and when the boat reached this it was hurled about and smashed, all the men being drowned, except one lieutenant, who reached the land with the line.

A Gallant Midshipman

A young midshipman on the wrecked cruiser, seeing the men in the water, jumped overboard and tried to save at least one, but in this he failed and nearly lost his own life. It was a distressing sight for the men on the cruiser to see their mates hurled about and injured on the rocks and finally drowned, without being able to render any assistance.

The disaster to the boat made it clear that no boats could live in the surf, so rafts were launched, and these, having net bottoms that could not be smashed by the rocks, enabled large numbers of the men to get ashore. The others used the lifeline, and so most of the crew were fortunately saved.

It took five hours for all the men to get through the maelstrom to the shore, and then they were nearly frozen, for they had had to battle through the waves amid masses of floating ice, in darkness and mist.

On landing, they were amazed to see a lighthouse, and when they went there the keeper was equally amazed to see them. They had not observed the light, and the keeper had neither seen nor heard their alarm signals.

With wood lying ready for the building of a hut they lighted fires and dried their clothes, and then lived on the inhospitable shore till they could be rescued. The local fishermen, although poor, were very kind, and fed and sheltered them as best they could.

SURPRISE IN A KITCHEN

Railway Engine Rushes In

An Englishman's home is supposed to be his castle, but Mr. Ernest Cole, a railway controller, who lives in a house by the side of the Midland and Great Northern Railway at Peterborough, may well have reason to doubt the old saying.

He was leaving his bedroom one morning to go down to the kitchen when there was a terrific crash, and he was amazed to find a railway engine tearing right through a wall of his house, and come to rest in the kitchen!

Several members of Mr. Cole's family were badly cut and bruised, his wife, who was in bed, being precipitated into the ruins when the ceiling collapsed. The little girl of ten was, happily, unhurt.

This remarkable accident was due to a runaway engine tearing into a stationary brake-van, standing at the buffers, causing all to leave the metals.

ICE 1300 FEET DEEP

Judging from ice marks on mountain sides, an American geologist believes that at one time ice must have lain 1300 feet deep over Southern Canada, and extended 2800 feet, or four times the height of the Metropolitan Life Building in New York, up the sides of mountains in the Adirondacks.

PERISHING WITH THE SWORD

ENVER PASHA DEAD

Man Who Led Turkey Into
the War

PERSECUTOR OF THE ARMENIANS

Enver Pasha has been killed while leading his troops in Turkestan, and there will be few to mourn him, for he was a cruel and faithless man, and, with the exception of the Kaiser, was probably responsible for more deaths than any other man in recent years.

His career was one of the most amazing in modern history. Posing first of all as a democrat, he led the march from Salonika to Constantinople of Young Turks who overthrew the notorious Sultan Abdul Hamid and forced his abdication.

Everything seemed to promise well for a reformed Turkey, but Enver soon gave up the pretence of democracy, and, later, becoming the friend and tool of the Kaiser, he led Turkey into war against the Allies. He was the brains of the Turkish War Party and was the man really responsible for the terrible massacres of Armenians, in which it is estimated over a million innocent men, women, and children lost their lives.

The Man Who Would be King

When Turkey was beaten Enver fled to Berlin, and then, on the collapse of Germany, sneaked from place to place to escape arrest by the Allies, who had placed his name as one of the most prominent on their list of War Criminals.

He went to Russia, pretending to make common cause with the Bolsheviks, for whose views he really felt nothing but contempt; but it was not long before he quarrelled with them, and then, fleeing to Turkestan, he tried to set up an independent State with himself as Emir, or ruler.

The Bolsheviks sent an army against him, and now comes the news that he has been slain. It is another instance of the truth of the saying, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

SEASIDE DANGER

Tunnelling the Yellow Sands

THREE RULES OF SAFETY

The fascinating business of tunnelling "Neptune's yellow sands" is full of peril, as is shown by several fatal accidents that have taken place this summer.

On one day in the middle of August three children were killed by the collapse of sand tunnels. At Harlech little Edward Cross was buried by four tons of sand, which fell in as he tunneled on the beach; and at Brattin, in Wiltshire, four little people who were digging into the side of a sandpit were buried by a fall of two tons of sand, a brother and sister losing their lives.

More fortunate was a South Shields boy who dug a hole five feet deep in the sand. The excavated part collapsed and partially buried him, and then suddenly, under his weight, the wet sand below gave way, and he was sucked down until only his head appeared. Happily help was at hand, and, after desperately hard work, he was dug out, frightened and exhausted, but safe.

There are three good rules we can follow on the sands. Do not throw sand about: it is dangerous to the eyes. Do not dig too deep, and never dig sand caves. Do not dig into the side of a loose sand or chalk cliff: there are hundreds of tons of stuff above that may come down like an avalanche.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Ariosto	A-re-ohs-toh
Dunedin	Dun-e-din
Eiffel	Ef-fel
Flores	Flo-reez
Prestidigitator	Pres-te-dij-e-ta-ter
Reggio	Rayd-jo
Rouen	Roo-on

HERE LIVED SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE

His House a Home for Boys

HERO OF THIRTY FIGHTS

I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;

With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!
And he fell upon their decks and he died.

Every boy knows Tennyson's thrilling poem of the great fight of Sir Richard Grenville, the old Cornish naval commander of Elizabeth's time, who on his little ship *Revenge* fought the whole Spanish fleet at Flores, in the Azores, and was only captured as he lay dying.

It was one of the greatest fights in English naval history, and Grenville's name will always be remembered with those of Drake and Raleigh.

Seeking a Purchaser

It will be a surprise to many to know that Sir Richard Grenville's house in Bideford is still standing, and that for some time past it has been in the market seeking a purchaser.

For many years it was an inn, and it is astonishing that some local body in the West or some patriotic and wealthy Cornishman or Devonian has not bought it and given it either to one of the counties or to the nation.

The house has, however, now found a purchaser, and has fallen into good hands. The Church Lads' Naval Brigade has bought it as a drill hall and institute, and certainly old Sir Richard could not have wished for it to come into more suitable or appropriate hands.

It is especially interesting in view of the fact that the Church Lads' Naval Brigade was founded by a descendant of the great admiral.

NONSENSE FROM A DRAY

Ignorant Speakers at the Seaside

ENEMIES OF GOODWILL

A flagrant example of how things should not be done comes from Bournemouth, where a correspondent has been listening to a lot of nonsense talked at an outdoor meeting.

The speakers at the meeting were sent down by a little group of people in London who seem to be greatly annoyed with the United States, for one of these speakers devoted three-quarters of an hour to a vulgar attack on America.

It was quite clear that this man, shouting from a dray to people in a public square, knew nothing about America, and cared nothing about the goodwill of the English-speaking world; but in a free country opinions must be tolerated even when ill-informed.

What is not to be tolerated is deliberate misrepresentation, and one amazing statement this speaker made is utterly untrue, for he declared that the number of foreigners in the United States is nearly ten to one. That, of course, is ridiculously false, and the statement is the more wicked because it was obviously invented to create prejudice against America as a foreign country.

Our correspondent took the opportunity of correcting this ignorant statement, only to hear it repeated in bravado by the gentleman on the dray, and cheered by a few illiterate people among those he was deceiving. It is a pity that seeds of hate between the great English-speaking nations should be sown in this way by little cliques of people going up and down the land, and we gladly correct this statement.

EFFEL TOWER TALKS TO FRANCE

Giving Tomorrow's Weather

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE PLEASE COPY

From now onward the Eiffel Tower, one of the biggest wireless stations in the world, nearly 1000 feet high, is sending out special weather forecasts to assist farmers all over France.

These messages are broadcasted three times a day, at 4.50 a.m., 12.15 p.m., and 6.10 p.m., and give forecasts for that day and the day following. The forecasts deal with rain, snow, thunderstorms, frost, and the direction and force of the wind.

Twelve climatic sections each receive a special forecast, and it is possible to receive the messages within a radius of 500 kilometres in all communes provided with a suitable receiver.

The Government has authorised prefects to approve in the communal estimates the expenditure necessary for installing suitable wireless receivers, the total cost of which should not exceed 200 francs each.

It is proposed, as the most practical means of informing the inhabitants of a commune of the receipt of a message, to ring a bell. Three strokes will announce rain, six strokes frost, and ten storm or hail; if no change in the weather is anticipated the bell will not ring. In this way all the inhabitants will be warned of important atmospheric changes 18 hours in advance, and farmers will be able to take precautions which will save them from ruined crops and serious financial losses.

COUNTRY REDUCED TO SCRAP IRON

What Bolshevism Has Done
THREE MILLION TONS FOR SALE
IN RUSSIA

Russia has just been described as a land of scrap iron.

Scrap iron, in the form of ruined engines and machinery, rusted rail and wrecked bridges, confronts the traveller everywhere, and many cargoes of this have been shipped to Germany in exchange for food and other goods.

A traveller estimates that Russia has for sale at least three million tons of old iron, and there are nearly half a million tons in Petrograd alone. Only the scrap iron in the west, lying fairly near to ports, can be sold, as there is no means of transport from the interior; but what is available will realise, it is believed, about a million pounds sterling, and must be bought by Germany owing to that country's nearness to Russia.

It is, of course, better to sell the old iron than to let it waste away absolutely by rust till it is quite useless. The problem for Russia, however, is how to replace the locomotives and bridges and rails that this old iron represents.

HARD TO PLEASE

Husband Builds Eight Homes

A missionary, writing from Rhodesia, tells of the haughty habits of the hen weaver-bird in rejecting the nests and attentions of the birds that try to woo her.

Though the male is far prettier than the female, she seems to delight in trying his patience. My girls and I have been watching one of the male birds.

He started to build a nest in front of our house, apparently before he found a wife. When the nest was finished he brought one of the female birds to see it. She looked at the nest, and apparently they had some talk together, but the next day she went away, and the worker started building another nest.

Again the lady came and looked at it, but with the same result. In the same way eight nests were built successively, but, the lady still remaining unsatisfied, he apparently gave up the task or searched for another site.

POOR CHINA

Land of Disasters

TERRIBLE TIDAL WAVE OF MANY MILES

China is the land of floods, but it is many years since any inundation of either river or sea has had such appalling results as that which has just occurred at Swatow, about a hundred miles from Hong Kong.

The death roll of 50,000 is said to be a very low estimate. Probably the actual figures will never be known, for whole families were swept away and lost for ever.

The trouble started with a terrific typhoon. The wind attained a speed of a hundred miles an hour, and continued blowing at this rate for two hours or more. Everything went down before it. There was a terrifying deluge of rain all the time, and then, as a climax, an enormous tidal wave, measuring many miles across, swept down upon the coast and rushed inland for miles.

Disasters of this kind, of varying degrees of intensity, seem almost a commonplace in China. Usually it is the rivers that overflow, and the great Yellow River, or Hoang-ho, has, on account of its frequent inundations, come to be known as China's Sorrow. In 1887 it burst its banks, flooded a vast district, and drowned over a million people.

The Black Death of the Middle Ages that swept over Europe and Asia, and took off about half the population, began with terrible inundations in China, the unburied bodies, it is believed, giving rise to the plague.

Europeans in China have come generously to the help of those made destitute through the recent disaster.

MR. KIPLING'S JOKE

An Admirer on the Boat

A good story has been told of Mr. Kipling. Some years ago, coming back from America, the famous author had a French journalist as a fellow traveller on the boat. The journalist was a passionate reader of the great man's writings, but had never met him, and did not know he was on the boat. One day Kipling saw the journalist deep in "Kim."

"Do you like this book?" he asked, and, hearing that the reader loved the book, Kipling began an acute criticism of the work.

"Of course," he said, "the author has lived in India and knows all the local colour. But how exaggerated he is sometimes! And how unlikely the whole story is, with so little action—and how drawn out! The writer ought to have cut out this and that—"

In short, he went on so far that the journalist protested, and even became angry.

"Kipling," he said, "is above such criticism. The book may not be perfect, but please do not spoil my enjoyment of it!"

The passenger withdrew with a twinkle in his eye. He was to land at Cape Lizard the next day, but before leaving the ship he asked the journalist for his copy of "Kim," and wrote in it:

"In remembrance of a pleasant hour—for me,

To my hearty champion, Mr. X.—R. K."

A GREAT FLIGHT

Procession of the Butterflies

A reader living in Patras, Greece, sends us the following account of a great flight of butterflies in that country in July.

Yesterday morning our gardener came to tell us, in an excited way, that a swift and constant flight of butterflies was passing, and had been passing for three hours—from 6 to 9 a.m.

The flight was composed only of painted ladies. Most of them were flying very high, but we might have caught hundreds. They flew from south to north without a moment's stoppage.

The next day the flight was renewed, but the numbers were not so large.

THE SMILING EARTH

Promise of Good Harvests

ENGLAND GROWING MORE VEGETABLES

The prospects for this year's harvest are good, and there will be no shortage in those countries that grow wheat and vegetables, or in a country like England that imports from these lands.

Though in England itself it is estimated that the wheat crop will be about 800,000 quarters less than last year, the deficit can easily be made up by Canada, which will have a bumper crop estimated at 43 million quarters, or 14 per cent. more than in 1921.

Wheat conditions, too, are good in the United States, the Argentine, and Australia.

As the showman said, "What we lose on the swings we make up on the roundabouts," and though we shall have less wheat produced in this country we shall have much larger crops of vegetables of all kinds, particularly carrots.

Food for All

The large potato crop is being well maintained, and additional areas have been planted with fruit. The Ministry of Agriculture gives these figures of the acreage of various crops.

Total of all crops, 26,024,000 acres; wheat, 1,969,000 acres; barley, 1,362,000 acres; oats, 2,161,000 acres; potatoes, 561,000 acres.

Apples and pears are abundant, and the yield of Victoria plums and damsons has, it is said, never been equalled. The stock of animals, too, is satisfactory.

Horses .. 1,340,300 Sheep .. 13,437,000
Cattle .. 5,721,800 Pigs .. 2,296,700

The earth yields her increase, and it remains for man to distribute it so that all who need food shall have it.

KING OF THE FLATFISH

Monster Lands at Scarborough

WONDROUS CHANGE IN THE SEA

Visitors to Scarborough have witnessed the landing of one of the minor wonders of the deep, a halibut weighing 12 stone.

That is about the weight of the men a Varsity captain likes to have in the middle of his craft for the boat-race, but it is by no means a record for halibut.

The halibut is the king of all the flat fishes. He begins life equipped with one eye on each side of his head and a symmetrical body compressed from side to side, but a wonderful change takes place. The body flattens and, instead of remaining two-sided, alters to an upper and lower surface; while the eyes, by a marvellous piece of natural jugglery, are brought close together on one side of the head.

A Giant's Meals

All these complex transformations fail to affect the health or appetite of the youthful halibut. He goes on growing till he reaches 10 feet and weighs hundreds of pounds. Some specimens are said to reach 20 feet. Of course, this makes the halibut the giant of his tribe, and as he flounders about in 700 feet of water, with his dark-spotted back uppermost and the unblemished white underside carefully concealed from sight, he is often mistaken for a young whale.

Poor people cannot afford salmon and soles, but they may get both with their halibut; for all fish are meat to this giant, and it must be a big shellfish that he cannot take as a course for his dinner. Multitudes of fish of all sorts are converted in his capacious stomach into new flesh and bone and muscle, and all are halibut by the time he has fulfilled his destiny.

ANIMALS THAT SEEM ALMOST HUMAN

FARMER'S TRUE STORIES

The Mare that Crossed the
River to Find Her Foal

AND THE COW THAT CAME HOME 20 MILES

A Berkshire farmer sends us some pathetic illustrations of animal affection and love of companionship, all of which have come under his own notice.

The time came when a shire mare had to be separated from her foal, with whom she had passed the summer. She was brought to the home paddock and put with other working horses, and the foal was left some distance away.

The next morning the mother was found with the foal. She had cleared all the intervening fences.

For some days the mare was put to work, to become gradually reconciled to the change, and was allowed to return to the foal in the evening. But later, when she was kept for the night with the working horses, she made her way back to the foal.

Mother and Child

One night I took the foal, with other young horses, to a water-meadow, two miles from the home paddock, and separated from it by fields that were intersected by an arm of the Thames and also by the river itself. Late at night I heard distinctly through the still air the faint whinnying of the colt and the mother's answering call, and in the morning she was found with the little one, her muddy legs and the water-mark round her neck telling the tale of her exploits in crossing the streams.

Several years ago I bought a fine half-bred mare that had the peculiarity of not liking to be left alone.

Though perfectly docile and manageable when working in a team, she could not be trusted to stand for a moment alone in a cart or an implement. If left for a few minutes in the stable, she would stamp and paw incessantly, almost tearing up the floor in her displeasure.

How Diamond Came Back

Alone in a field she would pace impatiently round and round, and never pause to graze until she had broken through some weak spot in the fence and joined her companions.

When I sold her to a builder ten miles away I warned him of her peculiarity. He remarked that he never knew a horse get out of his field.

Late that night I heard the trot of a horse in the distance, and said to myself, "That's Diamond coming back." In a few minutes she dashed into the yard, her head high in the air, her mane and tail flying, and her body white with foam. I tried to catch her, but she crashed by me, forced the gate by the sheer weight of her rush, and rejoined her comrades.

A Cow and Her Little One

Some months ago my son bought several cows from a farm where they had been reared, and they were put for the night in my place, a drover taking them away in the morning to their new home twenty miles away. A calf belonging to one of the cows was left.

When they reached their destination the cows were milked and turned out. Later, the mother cow was missing. Suspecting that she was returning to her calf, my son followed on his bicycle, and found that a friendly farmer had succeeded in getting her into his yard. So he left her there for the night, meaning to bring some other cattle to coax her back in the morning.

In the early morning, however, I was awakened by her troubled mooring under my window, and took her to where her calf was. She was so exhausted after her two escapes and journeys that she had to rest several days before she could return, and then the calf was allowed to go with her till she was resigned to her new quarters.

THREE FALLS And Two Wonderful Escapes

THE ROPE IN THE CHIMNEY

Three remarkable falls have come into the news of late, with two very amazing escapes.

A holiday-maker from Bath has had an exciting adventure near Porlock, in North Devon. Mr. Michael Mawson was walking with a friend from Minehead to Ilfracombe when he noticed that the tide had trapped them at the foot of a steep cliff.

The only way of escape was up the face of the rock, and the two men started to climb. Some distance up Mr. Mawson slipped, but managed to clutch a tuft of grass with one hand, while with the other he gripped a ledge of rock.

There he remained suspended with no support for his feet. His friend could give no assistance, but climbed to the top and ran for help. At last, after what seemed an age, a rope was brought, and Mr. Mawson was rescued.

Scarcely less wonderful was the escape of a cyclist near Castleford, in Yorkshire. He was riding near the Airedale Quarry when a motor-car swerved toward him, with the result that he collided with a wooden fence and was thrown 50 feet down into the quarry, making three or four somersaults on the way and landing on his feet. He was picked up, and, amazing to relate, was very little hurt.

Not so fortunate was a steeplejack at Brighton who, while working on a tall chimney at the electric light works, allowed part of the rope holding him to get inside the chimney. It was burned through, and he fell 85 feet to his death.

CECIL RHODES

Dutch Tribute to His Great Idea

A quarter of a century ago Cecil Rhodes was a vigorous Imperialist in South Africa, and Jan Smuts was equally resolute on the Boer side.

A little later Smuts was fighting against the British Empire, and Rhodes was helping to defend Kimberley. Now General Smuts has been making a speech in which he held Rhodes's ideal of a united South Africa up to admiration.

The followers of Kruger, the old Boer president who opposed unity, wishing to keep Dutch and British apart, are now working together with the followers of Rhodes to make South Africa a great country. Perhaps, said General Smuts, it would be a greater country than either Rhodes or Kruger ever foresaw.

Does this not show that the South African quarrel, like most other quarrels between nations, was a piece of human stupidity, all about a surface difference?

MOON RAINBOWS

Unusual Sight Seen by C.N. Readers

Several readers have written to say that they have seen lunar rainbows, some wondering how such a curious sight is caused.

A lunar rainbow does not differ from the ordinary solar rainbow in principle. As we know, a solar rainbow is due to the rays of light from the sun being refracted and reflected back on our eye by the drops of rain.

In exactly the same way the moon's rays are broken up, though, as the light is less intense, the lunar rainbow is feebler than the sun's. It is an interesting fact that no two of us ever see the same rainbow, because we must necessarily be looking at a different set of falling raindrops. We all have our own rainbows.

Lunar rainbows are much less frequent than those made directly by the sun, and they seem to be more often noticed in the North of England and in Scotland than in the southern counties.

THE SCOUT SPIRIT HOW TO SMASH THE WAR SPIRIT

Little Camps of Brotherhood

HOLLAND & LATVIA HELP

A holiday visit that may help to strengthen the friendship between the youth of England and Holland was that made toward the end of July by the 21st Lewisham Y.M.C.A. Scouts, to the 16th Rotterdam Y.M.C.A. Troop, who gave them a warm welcome.

The English lads, after seeing Rotterdam, had dinner at the homes of their Dutch comrades and gained an interesting glimpse of life in the country of dykes and canals.

Later they went to the Hague, and finally settled down in a jolly camp at Lochem, 140 miles from Rotterdam, amid pines and evergreens. Here the Dutch and British flags were flown side by side; it was the first time in the history of Lochem, the lads were told, that the British flag had flown there.

War Out of Fashion

When their visit ended, Scoutmaster Lehr, of the Rotterdam troop, wished them farewell, expressing the belief that if the boys of all countries would join the Scout Brotherhood it would become impossible for nations to hate each other, and war would become old-fashioned.

The English boys expressed a warm wish to see the Dutch Troop in England next year. Scoutmaster R. E. Pusey, who tells us of this trip, says he has seen no better example of the fine work of the Scout Movement than this camp. The brotherly feeling between all the boys, who had never met before and who could not understand each other's language, the wonderful reception and the wonderful good-bye—these are the outcome of the Scout spirit.

Latvian Boys See London

Nineteen Boy Scouts, selected from all parts of the Republic of Latvia, have also spent a jolly holiday in England. After seeing the sights of London they went into camp with 400 British Scouts at Walmer, afterwards returning with warm memories to their own war-stricken country, where they will be, we hope, missionaries of good-fellowship between the youths of the two nations.

The first troop of Scouts in Latvia was formed in 1918, 92 strong; now there are 26 troops, with about 1600 Scouts, and headquarters in Riga. There are now also ten troops of Girl Guides, 400 strong; and of Wolf Cubs, started last February 20 troops, with 150 cubs.

The healthy coast of Kent has also sheltered a party of Hungarian Boy Scouts, who have spent a splendid holiday at Herne Bay. *Picture on page 7.*

ICED DRINKS

The Harm They May Do

By Our Medical Correspondent

Mr. George Goodsir, president of the Cold Storage and Ice Association, laments the English distrust of iced drinks, and thinks that the English public might be less distrustful if it knew that most of the ice now sold is made from pure water.

No doubt the ice is usually made from pure water, but the blocks are not infrequently exposed to dirt before they reach the consumer.

Most English people eschew iced drinks because they have been taught that iced drinks retard digestion and may even cause indigestion. Certainly the processes of digestion do not take place in ice-cold water, and it is probable that glands are harmed by exposure to such great cold.

In very hot weather, iced drinks taken in moderation may do more good than harm; and in feverish conditions iced drinks, sipped, may be beneficial. But under ordinary conditions it is wiser to abstain from them. It is always unwise to take iced drinks in large quantities. Ice-creams, which must be swallowed slowly, are better for the digestion than iced drinks.

12 PENNIES OR A PECK OF CORN

HOW THEY STARTED SCHOOLS IN AMERICA

Long Trail of Knowledge in the Dark Ages

STRIKING ROMANCE OF ENGLISH LEARNING

There is no finer story in the world than that which tells us how men of past ages strove steadily after the education which raised them above the level of savages.

One of our American visitors, Professor Perry Brigham, has been contrasting the difference between our university methods and those of his own land.

We, he rightly says, seem to have devoted ourselves to the pursuit of young men of promise—a practice which has given this country a roll of intellectual immortals; while America has had the splendid habit of taking higher education to the masses.

Passion for Learning

They began to build American schools and universities when the first settlers from the Motherland had barely passed the hunger stage. Harvard, the Englishman who founded the celebrated university which bears his name, could not make it rich, so all the colonists had to contribute to its support either a peck of corn or twelve pence each a year.

The passion for learning in America was encouraged by the presence among the passengers of the Mayflower of forty or fifty men who had graduated at English universities. Therefore America began her educational system at a point which it had taken England many centuries to reach. Picked men, so to speak, scholars and idealists, planted the virgin continent with schools and colleges based on those it had taken the Old Country hundreds of years to evolve.

The Common Tongue

England, like the rest of the world, suffered from the general intellectual destitution which for a thousand years beggared the world after the fall of the Roman Empire and the substitution of barbarism for culture. Only a handful of people knew the secrets of the ancient Greeks and Romans—and they were Arabs, the sole teachers of the age. As learning began once more to invite the mind of thinkers, schools rose in various lands, and, Latin being the one language which scholars of all nations had as a common tongue, a student could wander from country to country, all schools being alike to him through his possession of a universal language.

But let us remember that we had noble and self-sacrificing pioneers who risked health, possessions, life itself, to acquire knowledge. Before any one of our universities was founded there went forth a noble student in Adelard of Bath, the first of great English travellers.

Master of His Age

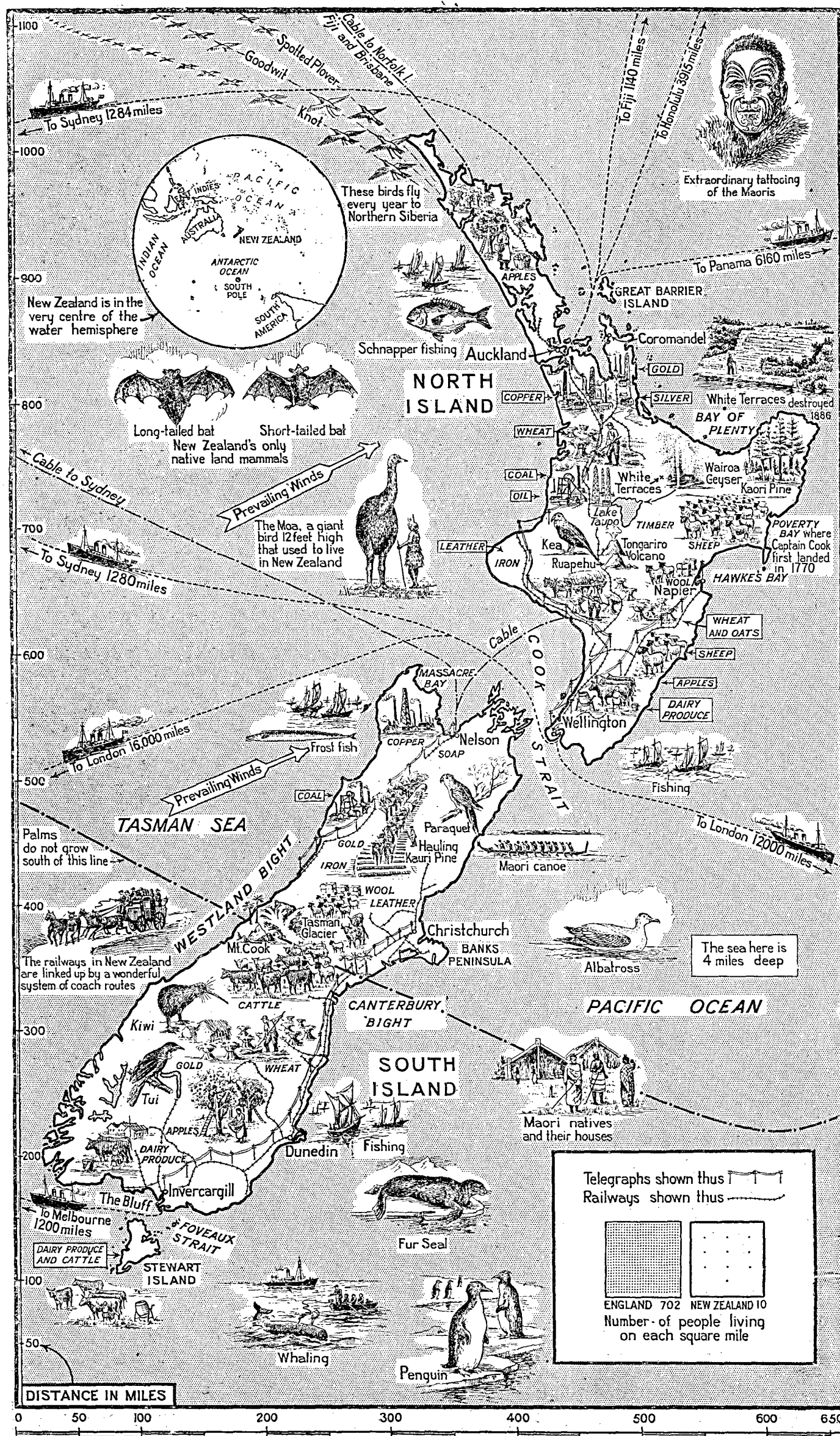
He went on a risky pilgrimage to learn all that his age might teach. He wandered through France, Spain, Sicily, and Greece, and penetrated even the dreaded territory of the Moslems. He came back with a message and a gift which all who would might hear and have without money and without price.

He taught wisdom and culture as the ancient saints and martyrs taught the Gospel. Men gathered to him from all parts. With no homes, and with little money, they built themselves huts of wattle, such as the Ancient Britons had had, and sat daily at the feet of the greatest master of the age.

That was in the beginning of the twelfth century, and those wattle huts were the cradle of English learning. They lured scholars from afar, and it was one great influx of students, drawn by the fame of English learning from Paris, which led to the founding of Oxford University.

GLACIERS AND ORANGE GROVES

It is a beautiful land, with much natural wealth, and is probably as near being a happy country as any that can be found in the world today.



CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 2 1922

Windows

AN American writer has related in verse a strange experience which befel her not long ago in one of those horrible streets which disgrace our cities.

She was walking through this terrible neighbourhood, so squalid, so unclean, revolted by the sights and odours, seeing nothing there in those she chanced to meet

Save hard or saddened faces, shambling feet, when suddenly she was stopped dead by a face so beautiful and sweet that she felt as if a hand had arrested her.

This face, she tells us, looked out from a shop window. She felt herself rebuked. Those wonderful eyes, steadily regarding the dreadful street, were the eyes of One "too tender to despise the least, or of the lowest to despair."

What chiefly strikes us in this dramatic incident is the contrast it affords between human ideals and human reality. We ask ourselves why there are so many faces in the world which are hard or brutal, so many streets which are a disgrace to civilisation, so many things in the world to sadden and depress us?

The traditional picture of Jesus, which looked out on this street, is by no means the picture of a very great man. It is the picture of an ordinary man. Why, then, do we not see more faces like it?

The human face is the most wonderful thing in the world. It is a picture of the soul. We are always at work painting our own portraits. Every thought is a stroke. Either we are making our faces hard or kindly, bitter or sweet, hateful or lovable, weak or strong. The eyes are the windows of the soul. The soul looks out from them, and through them we can look at the soul.

Perhaps if we realised that we are for ever painting our own portraits we should be more careful of the thoughts we entertain in our minds. We become what we think about. Not only is our face drawn by our thoughts, but our health is affected by them. To think bravely is to feel well. To think despairingly is to feel ill. As a plain woman who is sweet-minded comes to have a lovable face, so a delicate woman who keeps dark thoughts away will tell you she never feels ill.

Perhaps it would be a good thing for us if we hung our picture of Jesus beside our looking-glass, and every day looked from one to the other, asking ourselves if we are growing more like or less like that face of gentleness and strength, of love and justice, of kindness and truth.

The world has need of faces which encourage hope and develop character. Our walks, even in mean streets, ought to be an inspiration to us. Christ meant us to be happy, says a great writer—*happier than any other people.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Jerusalem

SOME of the kinema films shown in this country are contemptible enough, but it is sad to read that vulgar and sensational films from America, giving an utterly false impression of American life, are being shown within a few hundred yards of Calvary.

The British Government is now responsible for Palestine, and all good people will earnestly hope that the High Commissioner will remember the solemn duty that rests upon Civilisation to keep clean and sweet the most sacred spot in Christendom.

"We Authors"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is to receive £90,000 for a book on the War. May we suggest that it will be worth his while to take a shilling off the income-tax before he receives his cheque?

In Camp

DISGRACEFUL scenes are reported from a quiet little seaside town in the South of England, where two military camps have been quartered. Shouting and singing were carried on till the small hours of the morning, and one of the residents writes to us asking if Carpentier trains for a fight by drinking, smoking, and making night hideous. Our belief is that he does not. Taxpayers certainly have a right to ask whether we can afford to go on with training which is not training.

Brain Pressure

WE regret to say that no scientist has yet been able to invent a machine which will register the amount of brain pressure in the country during school term, and the enormous difference in the ether during the summer holidays.

Rhymes Not Worth While

AN attempt is being made to revise nursery rhymes which treat cruelty to animals lightly, and the attempt has our sympathy. For example, in Three Blind Mice it seems a pity to make children think of the cutting off of tails as fun.

Suggestions have been made for re-writing such rhymes. The farmer's wife is made to cut the cheese with a knife instead of cutting off their tails. Again, in the rhyme about the little man who had a little gun and who shot a duck, he is made to give the duck "some nice brown bread, bread, bread," instead of shooting it through the head, and to ask his wife not to cook it, but to bake a nice cake for it.

Apart from the fact that ducks do not care for cake, it seems to us that it would be better to give up altogether such nursery rhymes than to attempt to revise them.

When parents and teachers think a rhyme is likely to have a bad effect let them drop it. That will be far more effective than stirring up controversy as to what the proper version of it should be.

Not Wanted

WE see that somebody has been asking that a vacant niche in the walls of the Houses of Parliament should be filled with a statue of the Duke of Marlborough, who fought the ridiculous Battle of Blenheim.

Have we not some really worthy people to put on our empty pedestals, or must we for ever take our lead from Rameses and the kings of Assyria, who filled their walls with effigies of fighting men? We know no reason why the Duke of Marlborough should be greatly remembered, and we hope to see no statue of him set up in our Parliament House.

Tip-Cat

ACCORDING to a politician, laws are made to be kept. Not, of course, by law-givers.

DENTISTS and lawyers are to play a cricket match. Will the dentists draw the lawyers' stumps?



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

If the clock can
be made to strike
nothing

A CORRESPONDENT thinks lamp-posts ought to be coloured. Light colours, of course.

It is bad luck to lose your temper.

THERE is a scheme to take fingerprints by wireless. Sounds as if it might be handy.

AN observer notes that the public have food prices in their own hands.

But unfortunately the food costs more than they have got.

NEW YORK has had a storm, a fire, and a flood; and now another British lecturer is expected.

The Test

By Peter Puck

WHEN you have hit a ball for six, Or won a prize for mathematics; Think; many men who did the same Are gnawing out their lives in attics: *The test of all your work and play Lies in the coming rainy day.*

There Shall be One Law

HERE are some words of wisdom that all nations and men may read.

And there shall no longer be one law at Rome, another at Athens, one law today, another tomorrow; but the same Law, everlasting and unchangeable, shall bind all nations at all times.

And there shall be one common Master and Ruler of all, even God, the Almighty Creator and Arbitrator of this Law.

And he who will not obey it shall be an exile from himself, and, despising his own humanity, shall in that very act suffer the greatest of all punishments, even though he may have escaped from all other punishments which can be imagined.

How well they fit the world today, yet they have come down to us from fifty years before the world had heard of Bethlehem. They were written by the great Roman statesman, Cicero.

The Amateurs

By Our Country Girl

IF you or I had made the world How dull the world would be; We might have thought of day and night

And solid land and sea, But should we fledge the new rock's edge With bright anemone?

AND if there were no wing as yet

Could you invent a bird? Or make a tune for waterfalls Before the rain was heard? And would you think of foxglove pink

If not a leaf had stirred?

I NEVER could invent, I know, A cowslip or the dew, The silken coat and foolish eyes Of creatures very new, The gawky foal, the legless mole, The lamb with tail askew.

AH, yes! the fun would all be gone

If Earth were made by men: Our only beast would be a cow, Our only bird a hen; A greater Mind than humankind Imagined forth the wren.

The Rabbits Bolt for Their Holes

By Peter Puck in the Country

"WHAT with ferrets, stoats, dogs, foxes, and men," said the Rabbit, "it's a thousand to one against a peaceful life. All the same, while we live we live, and so what about a dance in the moonlight?"

Over the hills came the moon, and from the woods, which were as still as the hedges, rose the thrilling song of a nightingale.

"Yes, let us dance!" cried all the rabbits.

So they leapt and skipped and frisked and ran round in a fairy-ring till their hearts beat with tiny thuds of joy which were heard by the moles.

But suddenly all those hearts lost a beat, and all those bright eyes grew as glassy as the moon. There was a moment's paralysis, and then, with a rapid twinkle of their white tails, all those rabbits bolted for their holes.

A girl in the great house had put a record on the gramophone.

And it was a fox-trot!

The Fairest Action

The fairest action of our human life Is scorning to revenge an injury; For who forgives without a further strife

His adversary's heart to him doth tie;

And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said, To win the heart than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find, To yield to worth, it must be nobly done;

But if of baser metal be his mind, In base revenge there is no honour won.

Who would a worthy courage overthrow?

And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW

AMERICA'S TROUBLES TREMENDOUS STRIKES

Great Disturbance In the Mines
and On the Railways

TRAIN PASSENGERS ABANDONED

Two terrible strikes have been proceeding for some time in the United States, and have caused great inconvenience and suffering.

They arose from the attempt to cut down wages from the abnormally high rates prevailing during the war in order that industry may be carried on in an impoverished world, and from the determination of the trade unions to retain the utmost of the pay and privileges won in exceptional circumstances.

One strike was that of the coal-miners. It began on April 1, when the mineowners sought to reduce their pay. Industry everywhere in the United States at once became alarmed; coal shot up in price.

Gains and Losses

Companies owning stocks disposed of them at a high profit, and large orders for coal were sent to this country, so that our pits and ships, which were nearly idle during the summer months, were urged into sudden activity, and work provided for our workers. Happily for the people of the United States, this strike was settled after her miners had been idle for 20 weeks.

The men are to go back at their old wages until the end of next March, when arrangements will be made to fix a scale of pay; but whatever they have gained in this matter the men have more than lost by the millions of dollars in wages they have missed during five months of idleness.

But an even graver strike was that on the railways of America, which hindered not only the distribution of coal in that country, thus intensifying the fuel shortage, but caused intense suffering to many passengers on the long trans-continental journeys, which sometimes take four or five days in the train.

Stranded in the Desert

When the strike got serious the Government had to take steps to guard certain places with soldiers. The railway strikers took their revenge by stopping their trains in the wild, open spaces and lonely deserts in the heart of America and telling the passengers to shift for themselves. They made the excuse that they could not go through towns guarded by troops, owing to the danger, and that their locomotives were defective.

Twelve trans-continental trains, carrying 2500 passengers, were marooned in this way. In one train on the Santa Fé Railway 125 passengers, were deserted at Needles, a small town in the Californian desert. For four days they were compelled to live in the train, in an intense heat during the day, and to sleep on the ground at night. The passengers declare that when they begged the driver and firemen and other members of the train staff to take them on to a larger town where they could get hotel accommodation, the strikers refused.

Passengers Rescued

Women and children were the worst sufferers. One old lady of 95 collapsed in the great heat, and, besides other children, a year-old baby was only saved to the world by the great care of its parents and the kindness of other passengers scouring the country in search of milk. The unhappy passengers were rescued by a special train manned by railway officials and an armed guard, and they were taken to Los Angeles in a state of collapse.

The President, the railway companies, and the representatives of the men have been endeavouring to settle the strike, but at the time of writing there was no good news.

BRITAIN SETS OUT ON A NEW ROAD

LAST year the British Islands imported over a thousand million gallons of oil. We put our hands into our pockets and paid out to foreigners who sent us this supply nearly £55,000,000.

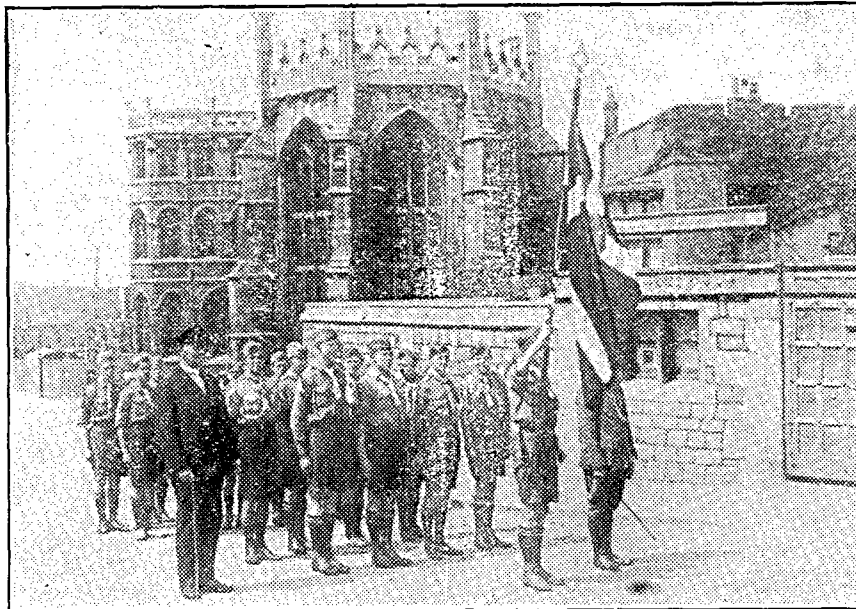
The day is coming when oil will take the place of coal. An authority on this subject prophesies that when there is enough oil at a cheap price we shall work by it, heat by it, plough by it, travel by it on road, rail and sea, and, of course, fly by it.

Swansea shares this belief. It has lately opened a gigantic oil refinery which can handle 250,000,000 gallons of

crude oil in a year, turning it into petrol, paraffin, fuel oil, gas oil, lubricating oil, and wax. In this plucky action the authority we quote sees a new field for British brains and a sign that we are still able to hold our own in the commerce of the world.

It is hoped that the British Commonwealth will soon be independent of foreign supplies of this precious commodity, and that our chemists may lead the world in those developments of the by-products of petroleum which are likely to revolutionise human life during the next fifty years.

BUILDERS OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS



Comrades of the Danish Boys' Life Brigade see Windsor Castle



Hungarian Boy Scouts at breakfast in camp at Herne Bay

It is becoming more and more an excellent practice for boys to travel abroad and see other countries than their own. This is a splendid idea, helping to broaden the mind and build up an effective League of Nations. In these pictures we see two of the parties of foreign boys who have just been on a holiday visit to England. See page 4

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Mrs. Annie Burgess, who died at Little Waking, in Essex, the other day, aged 94, had never been in a railway train.

To coal a liner the size of the Olympic takes 500 men five days; it can be refuelled with oil by 12 men in 12 hours.

Travelling a Million Miles

John Cronk, of Braintree, the oldest guard of the Great Eastern Railway, has just retired after serving for 48 years and travelling a million miles.

The Oldest Fig-tree

The fig tree in the gardens of Raby Castle, Yorkshire, said to be the oldest in the country, is still bearing fruit. It was brought from Italy in 1786.

World's Oil Controllers

The United States controls 76 per cent. of the world-production of oil, 64 per cent. within her own territory, and 12 per cent. outside it. Britain controls only 4 per cent., or little more than sufficient for the needs of the Navy.

A railway labourer from a little town in Ontario has retired with £5000, saved out of his wages in twenty years.

The centenary of the independence of Brazil is being celebrated at Rio Janeiro and throughout the country on Thursday.

Oil From Baku

Baku is producing oil in increasing quantities, and more than a quarter of a million tons are being pumped up each month now.

Wiring to Lhasa

Telegraphic communication has now been opened with Lhasa, the once mysterious capital of Tibet, the line from Gyantse to Lhasa being laid by Indian postal officials in two months.

Prehistoric Crocodile

The well-preserved skeleton of a giant crocodile, hitherto unknown to science, of the Secondary Era, has been unearthed near Rio Negro, in Patagonia. The animal was over 40 feet long.

TWO CLUTCHING ARMS FROM THE SEA MAN IN THE GRASP OF AN OCTOPUS

Victor Hugo's Romance Comes
True off Jailer's Reef

TERRIBLE SCENE FROM A BOAT

There has been a desperate struggle between a man and an octopus in the sea off the Channel Islands. It was in these waters, close to the scene of the actual combat, that Victor Hugo, in his masterly novel "Toilers of the Sea," pictured a battle between a man and an octopus, giving us an unmatched description of Gilliat's fearful duel with an eight-armed sea monster. As was often the case, the French genius seems to exaggerate in this masterpiece, yet the actuality of this real-life event the other day eclipses the author's imaginary duel.

The Relentless Grip

In a little sailing boat near Jailer's Reef, off Corbière, some Jersey fishermen were following their calling when two hideous arms emerged from the sea by the side of the boat. One arm grasped the mast. A second clutched a leg of one of the fishermen, named Frank Duhamel. The mysterious arms were two of the tentacles of an octopus!

There is no escape from the grip of an octopus, save at the will of the animal, unless the gripping arm be cut off or its owner seriously injured. In this case Duhamel, who was at one side of the boat, was instantly dragged toward the water, and he was only saved by the ready action of a comrade. This second man, knowing the ways of the octopus, snatched up a heavy knife and slashed at the limb with all his force.

Clutching Like a Grapnel

The grip relaxed; the mutilated arm slithered off the fisherman, and splashed into the sea. As the other tentacle still threatened to capsize the boat, the fishermen bludgeoned it with all their force with their oars, and caused this one also to be withdrawn. So man and boat were saved.

The octopus is among the supreme horrors of the sea, loathsome in appearance, appalling in action. Its power to seize and hold arises from the two rows of suckers on each arm. Some of these suckers have a hook which can be protruded and drawn back like a cat's claws. This sinks into the flesh of a victim and clutches like a grapnel. The sucker itself is furnished with a sort of button, working like a piston in a syringe. When the sucker is applied the piston is withdrawn, a vacuum is created, and the hold is final.

The Magic Hand

Anything more dramatically terrifying than Duhamel's experience could hardly come into the life of a fisherman. The description of those grim arms rising from the sea, however, sets the memory exploring, and the mind goes back to a passage in one of the most famous stories in the world, Sir Thomas Malory's Death of King Arthur:

Then Sir Bedivere went to the water-side and threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water.

That was a magic hand receiving back Excalibur, the magic sword, in a tale which is all magic where it is not beauty. But the two arms that came out of the sea off Jailer's Reef were real, and their quest was the flesh of a living man. They went down, not with Excalibur, but at the stroke of an unnamed blade quite as effective.

OCEAN CHANGES OIL RAPIDLY BEATING COAL

Growth of Big Ships Run by
Motors

WORLD'S MERCHANT NAVIES

By Our Economic Correspondent

In the C.N. some time ago it was pointed out how great a change is taking place in the world's mercantile marine through the introduction of oil as fuel.

The change works in two ways, both of which mean the disuse of coal at sea. Sometimes the change is that ordinary steam boilers are fired by oil instead of coal. Even more important is the substitution of internal-combustion oil engines—working something like a motor-car—for steam engines.

The change in the last eight years has indeed been rapid. In 1914, out of every one hundred ships registered at Lloyd's, 89 used coal. Now only 70 in a hundred use coal. In 1914 only three ships in a hundred used oil. Now 25 in a hundred do so.

Sails Go Out of Fashion

In the same period the number of sailing ships has declined from eight per cent. to five per cent., so that sails continue to go out of fashion.

We may also notice with interest that eight years ago the ships driven by internal-combustion engines were only one in two hundred. They are now nearly five in each two hundred. The motor-ship will soon be as common on the sea as the motor-car is on land.

There are now in the world no fewer than 1639 motor-ships, with a total capacity of over one-and-a-half million tons. In addition, there are 2793 ships, of 14,383,000 tons, which raise steam with oil fuel. That is about eleven times more than existed in 1914.

Another sea change is the progress of the big ship. The large vessel is driving out the small one because it is cheaper to work and run; the saving in wages and in many other items is considerable. In the year 1914 the world had only 3668 sea-going steamships of 4000 tons and over. There are now as many as 5519 of these big ships.

Giant Ships Multiply

If we look at the bigger vessels still, those between 6000 and 10,000 tons each, we find that, whereas there were only 1004 in 1914, there are 1926 in 1922, or nearly twice as many in eight years.

The giant ships of 10,000 tons and over also increase. Before the war there were only 232 such vessels; now there are 331, in spite of the war losses.

The British Empire possesses a very big share of the world's great ships. Of the total of 5519, the British Empire has 2190, while America has 1476, France 316, Japan 308, and Italy 279.

So we may look forward to the ocean ship of the future as being a very big vessel, driven, not by coal, and not by steam, but by motor engines. The coal will be in the museums under glass cases, and children will inquire of their parents whether it was true that ships had to carry that heavy, dirty stuff.

Coming of the Steamship

These things illustrate how rapid are the changes in modern industry. A century ago, or even fifty years ago, such changes took place very slowly, as, for example, when the steamship was first introduced. Now a trade may change its character completely in as short a period as ten years. When the readers of the C.N. are grown-up, the world will be very different from what it is today, and such changes as the replacing of coal by oil at sea should be carefully watched.

We see, too, because of the great rapidity of modern changes, how quickly the position of a nation in the world may alter, and how necessary it is to keep abreast of the times.

THE CAT THAT CAME BACK

PUSSY TRANSFORMED

Extraordinary Story of a Thing
that Really Happened

A TALE FROM MANCHESTER

It is said that a cat has nine lives, but may we not give the cat of this story credit for having even more? A lady from Manchester tells us this story.

A large and very fine cat lived with an elderly couple, and considered itself quite one of the family. It was fed generously, permitted to occupy the comfortable chairs, and lived as only well-bred cats are allowed to do.

One day this beautiful cat brought home a disreputable, half-starved cousin that it had found wandering about the streets. Its master and mistress were much perturbed, and drove the wanderer away, but, as day after day passed by and still their cat persisted in bringing in its playmate, they allowed the poor thing to stay. Oddly enough, however, the beautiful cat kept the other always at arm's length, and would only allow it to paw and pat her.

Solving a Problem

Eventually things became serious, for never did the stray cat leave the house without taking some dainty morsel; and so it was decided that the intruder must be destroyed. How to do it was the great problem, but it was solved by a friend studying chemistry, who offered to give them something to poison the unhappy creature.

The following day the poison was made up into a sausage and placed where the cat would get it. At the usual time it came round, creeping in as if ashamed of being seen. Before it left again it had seized the sausage.

The old couple saw that it had gone, and nodded their heads, saying that that was the last time they would be bothered with that dreadful cat.

A Big Surprise

Imagine their surprise, however, the next day when the cat came back! Clearly the poison could not have been strong enough, so they made another sausage with a stronger dose of poison. But the next day back came the cat again, bounding in as with new life.

For a fortnight the old people continued to make these sausages, gradually increasing the poison dose; but eventually they gave it up, because, instead of killing the cat, it had grown new fur, and had so developed that it was even finer than their own cat. No longer did it crawl in at the door; it sprang in through the open window, as if to say: "See what a fine cat I am now, thanks to your delicate feeding."

The truth of the whole matter is this—that arsenic, the poison put in the sausages, is good for skin diseases, so that pussy's disease was totally cured and it received a new lease of life, becoming a very fine cat.

SMOKING ENGINES

How to Get Rid of Them

If we want to get rid of the dirt and gloom and expensiveness of coal smoke we must electrify our railways. That is the moral of a decision given by a Greenwich magistrate.

He was asked by the London County Council to fine a railway company for letting black smoke pour out of the funnels of engines. He declined to do so because he held that the company was not in fault.

It was impracticable, he said, to build a railway engine which would entirely consume its own smoke. He did not mean that it is impossible, but that it would not pay the railway company to have such locomotives.

Therefore, in electricity is our only hope of cleaner cities and cleaner lungs. Fortunately it is slowly but surely coming into use on several lines

TWO MILLION TONS OF EARTH

How a River Was Made
Fit for Navigation

BUILDING UP NEW LAND

A gigantic piece of dredging is nearing completion in America, where the Great Miami River at Hamilton, Ohio, has had all obstructions removed from its channel and is now fit for navigation by large steamers.

This river was choked by sandbars, bushes, and weeds, and shipping was brought practically to a standstill. Engineers declared that nothing but a systematic dredging and clearing of its channel would be effectual, and, though the cost was enormous, the work was begun in the summer of 1918.

For four years it has gone on, and is now all but finished. Two million cubic yards of earth have been taken out of the river, the great volume of matter weighing over two million tons.

A Lesson for China

The work was done by a great drag-line excavator with a bucket that took four and a half tons at a scoop, and the matter was loaded into trucks, each holding ten tons. It was hauled away to low-lying areas, subject to floods, and was there dumped down until the ground had been built up and made suitable for useful purposes.

Levees, or dams, were also made of the dredged earth at places where the river was liable to overflow in wet seasons, so that not only has the waterway been cleared for navigation, but a large new area suitable for building purposes has been formed where before nothing but useless swamp existed.

The Chinese, who have so many choked-up rivers that from time to time become flooded and destroy villages with thousands of lives, might well learn a lesson from the Americans.

IDLE HANDS

And the Mischief that They Do

SAD STORIES IN AN OFFICIAL REPORT

Scotland has long been famous as the home of thrift and honesty. Long may it be so.

But a sad document has just been published. It deals with the reports of the district superintendents who look after the arrangements for doling out unemployment pay.

Many people have got accustomed, one report says, to an easy habit of life and dislike the idea of work. They prefer to await "the manna of the Government subsidy."

There is a notion among them that there is no limit to the amount the Government can afford to spend. Many who ought to know better accept this view. An employer in the Hebrides dismissed a man who worked for him. The man got a pound a week as an unemployed labourer. He went on working for his old master, for they had planned this between them.

In another part of the country it was suspected that many men were fraudulently taking unemployment benefit. A bill was therefore posted up announcing that anybody giving false information would be prosecuted. Upon which seven who had been receiving the dole returned it, fourteen applications for it were withdrawn, and forty-two people to whom payments were due did not turn up to claim them. All these were evidently afraid of being prosecuted.

Is such dishonesty common all over the kingdom? Is the dole demoralising the race? We believe it is, though so far Scotland is the only country which has produced such a report. Those who cannot get work and have no means of livelihood must be supported; but thorough investigation is necessary to prevent anyone being supported who could get work.

PLAY THE GAME OLD SOLDIER'S MESSAGE TO BOY SCOUTS

What You Do, Do It With Your
Might

A FINE PIECE OF ADVICE

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

When I first started the Boy Scout Movement, more than fourteen years ago, Lord Roberts sent me a splendid message for the Scouts, and one which I cannot do better than pass on to the boys and girls of today.

He said, "Let your Boy Scouts bear in mind the words of the preacher of old: Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"The tendency of our fellow countrymen to look on is, to my mind, one of the most disquieting symptoms of the age. I trust that your Boy Scouts will play the game, and not look on."

A fine piece of advice, and one I think the Scouts as a whole do try to follow. A real Scout does not stand in a Saturday crowd watching professional footballers; he is too busy playing a game of some sort himself.

The True Sportsman

And he does not put in a fine afternoon at the pictures if he can go to camp and learn how to fend for himself, to cook his food, to build bridges, and to know the birds, plants, and animals, the stars, and the many wonders of the wonderful world of Nature.

A man who risks his life in shooting big game in order to secure good specimens for natural-history collections, or to rid a district of some dangerous neighbour, is a sportsman in the true sense. But he is a good deal removed from the man who turns out a wretched rabbit to be run down by dogs to get a few shillings; or from the man who goes shooting with the idea of killing more birds than some other fellow.

At the same time these men would feel very much hurt if you said they were not sportsmen.

Learning to Love Animals

Even betting men who, under the pretence of promoting horse-breeding, are as keen as any Shylock to get the best of their friends by grabbing their money over a race—even these call themselves sportsmen. I should not wonder, too, if those round-shouldered, pale, cigarette-sucking youths who crowd to look on at football do not call themselves sportsmen.

So, in becoming a true sportsman, you have got to think for yourself, to discriminate between what is honest sport and what is bullying or money-grubbing. Avoid the shabby side, and go for the good, manly one.

By continually watching animals in their natural state one gets to like them too well to want to shoot them. The whole sport of hunting lies in the woodcraft of stalking them, not in the killing. So it comes about that many of the most celebrated sportsmen are naturalists as well as hunters.

Flawless in Faith and Fame

They go out into the world to shoot good specimens of different animals, and they pass by and spare hundreds of young and ordinary beasts till they come to one worthy of being preserved for a museum at home.

If every boy works hard at Scouting, and really learns all that it teaches him, he will at the end of it have some claim to call himself a real man and a sportsman.

So do not look on at others doing things, but play the game for your side, and so carry out the advice of one of the greatest Englishmen of our day, of whom it was written:

Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,
Flawless in faith and fame,
Whom neither ease nor honours move:
A hair's breadth from his aim.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

JEAN BAPTISTE COLBERT
Merchant's Son Who Ruled a Kingdom

THE BROKEN-HEARTED STATESMAN

- Sept. 3. Oliver Cromwell died 1658
- 4. French Republic established 1870
- 5. Malta captured by British 1800
- 6. Colbert died in Paris 1683
- 7. Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich 1533
- 8. Ariosto born at Reggio 1474
- 9. William the Conqueror died at Rouen 1087

Jean Baptiste Colbert, the French statesman who made the boldest effort to alter the conditions in France that led at last to the French Revolution, died on September 6, 1683.



Colbert

Colbert's father and grandfather were merchants of Rheims, and in his youth the future statesman had experience both in a bank and in a lawyer's office, but before he was 21 he had obtained a post in the War Office. He quickly rose to be secretary to the Secretary of State, and at 30 was Counsellor of State.

Louis XIV became king as a child, and in the early part of his life the real master of France was Cardinal Mazarin. The country was poor, disturbed, and torn by wars. It had no free government; the poorest people paid most of the taxes, and the rich were not asked for their share; honesty had disappeared from public life.

Soon after the young king began to take an active part in the government of the land Mazarin died, and as his last service advised the king to rely on Colbert. "I owe everything to you; but I pay my debt in giving you Colbert," were his words to the monarch.

A Fresh Start for France

Colbert had been his confidential colleague, and the dying Cardinal knew well that Colbert had clear ideas about the rescue of France from poverty, threatened bankruptcy, and bitter discontent. The king took the advice offered to him, and Colbert became the most powerful man in the kingdom.

He at once took on himself the task of giving France a fresh start with a more vigorous life. Personally he was not more honest and unselfish than others had been before him. He managed to enrich himself and provide for his relatives; but he remedied many public evils, opened out new ways to prosperity, and made the government of the country fairer than it had been.

He spread the taxes more equally over the whole community, and reformed the method of collecting the national revenue so that the net annual income of the State was increased from 32 million livres to 77 million livres.

The Downward Path

He stimulated manufactures, commerce and shipping, improved roads, made canals, fostered inventions, founded the Academy of Science, simplified and cheapened law, favoured better methods in agriculture, and began the beautifying of Paris. By increasing labour he set France on the road to a new prosperity, though his way of doing it was often harsh and tyrannical. And his plans did not stop at material prosperity—he was a staunch friend of learning and art.

Yet Colbert's life was really a failure, and the knowledge that it was so broke his heart at last. To complete his plans peace was necessary. But Louis XIV, as he grew into manhood, insisted on ambitious wars and costly magnificence, and thus frittered away the resources that his minister would have used for better purposes, and France continued on the downward path that ended at last in red revolution.

BIRDS COME AND GO

The Great Journey to the South

HARD STRUGGLE FOR FOOD

By a Country Correspondent

September is one of the most interesting bird months, because now the summer and winter guests cross one another's path as they do in April.

Most birds that come to England to nest do not begin to grow restless till September comes and the young birds are strong. Even now the summer visitors find their young are not quite ready for the journey to Spain, Italy, Africa, or the Caucasus.

Plovers tumbling about in the sky and swallows collecting on the telegraph wires are the most noticeable of all. But all the warblers, the shrikes, redstarts, some of the wagtails, turtle-doves, and many others, are moving off slowly and steadily, shifting to the south and west, ready for the brave journey across the Channel and the North Sea. They might almost be a timid army running away from the invaders out of the north.

The bramble-finches are among the first to come south, and, as the autumn goes on, this advance guard will be followed by inroads of our common birds, such as larks and starlings and wood-pigeons, as well as such birds as fieldfares, which leave us altogether in summer.

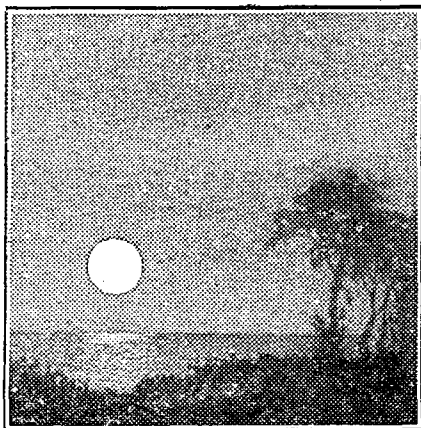
Nothing marks the end of a season more distinctly than the harvest of corn. Of the common grains wheat falls last; and the face of the country changes extraordinarily when the rich gold of the waving ears gives place to stubble.

The reaping of the corn hurts no birds, but it is a time of disaster to many animals. The most dainty of all the small wild animals is that tiny mouse so small that it scarcely bends a corn-blade, which makes its nest, like a reed-warbler in the bulrushes, upon the stalks; and it is curious how very few people seem to have watched this wee thing. It is worth many journeys to the cornfields to find it at work.

From the end of September live things begin to find it very much harder to obtain animal food, and hence many of the birds that have enlivened the countryside for months past fly away south.

Butterflies in plenty abound, for September is one of the great butterfly months, and the fields and lanes and gardens are alive with their colours. The last of the wasps catch a few houseflies, but for the most part the tale of life is dwindling daily.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 9 p.m., summer time, on Sept. 6

A NATION'S RUIN

A Fortune to Send a Letter

A letter from Russia has lately arrived in Croydon with stamps worth 400,000 roubles—£40,000 in pre-war value, but a few pence in English money.

That is the plight to which the Bolsheviks have brought Russia. The family from which this letter comes is almost starving, unable to buy bread at 250,000 roubles a pound and meat at 350,000 roubles a pound.

It is a pitiful example, perhaps the most terrible example in human history, of putting unbridled power in the hands of men with wild ideas.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

Can Swans Fly?

Swans fly with great power, and form a majestic picture as they cleave the air on their migratory journeys.

How Long Does an Elephant Live?

With good fortune, sufficient food, and freedom from accident, an elephant should live 150 years, perhaps even two centuries.

How is the Oil of the Fulmar Petrel Obtained?

This bird, like other fowl of the ocean, obtains its supply of oil from the flesh of the plump fishes that constitute its daily food.

How Can the Sex of Fishes be Told?

The difference between the two sexes is not easily observed by any but the expert; but the soft-roed fish is the male, and the hard-roed fish the female.

Does the Viper Lay Eggs?

The British viper does not lay eggs. The eggs undergo incubation in the body of the mother viper, and from ten to fifteen young ones appear at the beginning of summer.

Is a Man-eating Shark a Fish?

Yes; it is a cold-blooded fish, a creature of flesh and cartilage, with no bones save those of its teeth. Its size and habits do not affect the reality of its being merely a fish.

Do Negroes Turn Grey With Age?

The curly, wool-like hair of the negro is subject to the same changes as that of other people. When the pigment fails, the hair turns grey, and then white, and finally falls out.

How do Racing Pigeons Find Their Way?

They are trained to find their way back over short distances, then over longer and longer ones, till finally they are able to regain their lofts after journeys of hundreds of miles.

Do Crabs Cast Their Shells?

All crabs cast their shells periodically, and grow new ones. The moults are naturally more frequent in the young ones, to enable the developing body to evolve a fitting habitation for its size.

What Causes the Petals of a Flower to Change Colour?

The colour and perfume of flowers are the result of rapid chemical transformations in the plant, which, in flowering time, is a storehouse of great energy.

Which way Does a Scarlet Runner Curl Round a Stick?

The scarlet runner performs its spiral twisting from right to left, but some climbers take first one direction and then another in circling one support.

How Can a Jackdaw be Taught to Talk?

The birds are natural mimics, and come to repeat sounds which they frequently hear. The successful instructor is the person who most often pronounces the words that he wishes the bird to utter.

Do Hedgehogs Eat the Eggs of Pheasants and Partridges?

They do, undoubtedly, but the occasions must be rare, for these birds abound where hedgehogs are numerous. The hedgehog seldom robs a nest, but nightly, throughout the summer, consumes our insect enemies.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What does L.C.J. mean? In law reports and legal documents these letters stand for Lord Chief Justice.

What is a Bristling? A small European fish, often wrongly called a sardine, packed in oil in Norway.

What does Apogee mean? The point on the orbit of the moon most distant from the earth. The opposite is Perigee.

What is a Prestidigitator? A person skilled in sleight of hand; a conjuror. The word comes from two Latin words meaning "ready" and "finger."

TUG-OF-WAR IN SPACE

EARTH'S COMPANION
GROWING HEAVIER

Why the Moon Travels Faster Than It Did

SHALL WE LOSE OUR SATELLITE?

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Next week the Moon will be far the most prominent object in the sky, being full on Wednesday, September 6, rising soon after sunset and shining till long after daybreak.

The Moon will be at her farthest from us on Friday and Saturday next, when she will be about 248,000 miles away, or nearly 30,000 miles farther than she will be a fortnight later. From our point of view the Moon is, as it were, flying off from the Earth to such an extent that it is startling when we consider it.

For instance, an express train travelling at 60 miles an hour would take nearly 21 days to reach as far as the Moon does in about 14 days, and an aeroplane speeding at 90 miles an hour would take nearly 14 days; so we see that, until Friday, the Moon will be practically flying away from us at about 90 miles an hour; after which she will begin to fall toward us at the same average rate for nearly 14 days.

If the Moon's Motion Changed

If, by any chance, the Moon should fail to stop falling toward us, it is obvious that something terrible would happen, and in 14 days, if the Moon's motion did not accelerate, there would be an end of everything on Earth.

However, there is another force quite as powerful as the Earth's gravitational pull which keeps her up—the centrifugal force, or propulsive energy, within herself, such as is in a cricket ball as it speeds through the air. But, whereas the ball soon expends the trifling energy put into it by the muscle of the batsman, that of the Moon continues the same, there being no appreciable resistance to compare with that of the air and the relatively enormous gravitational pull that soon brings the cricket ball to rest.

Too Small to be Measured

There is, however, a slight variation in the Moon's motion in addition to that caused by her being alternately nearer and farther away, showing that she tends to go more quickly. This has been known for many years. It means that ultimately the Moon's propulsive energy may so overcome the restraining influence of the Earth's gravitational pull that she may go away altogether.

This would take millions of years to come about, even if no compensating factor operated, as the writer believes it does, to hold the Moon to the Earth for ever. The amount of the Moon's acceleration is too small to obtain certain measurements of it, but it is something between a second and twenty seconds in a century.

It has been suggested that the electromagnetic energy poured out from the Sun may be responsible for the acceleration, but how this could act thus is by no means clear. A more reasonable explanation would be the gradual increase in the Moon's material massiveness, or mass, due to the continual addition of meteoric matter from space.

Meteors on the Moon

The Moon, having little atmosphere, or possibly none, the meteors would fall on her surface, and, of course, remain there.

The effects of meteoric battering and scoring are quite obvious on the Moon. The more material the Moon acquires the heavier she will become, and the Earth will have relatively less power in proportion, notwithstanding her own accretion of meteoric matter, to restrain her satellite from going more her own way.

After all, it is but a perpetual tug-of-war between the Earth and the Moon; and the Moon, by gaining a little extra weight, gets a little stronger pull. G. F. M.

A Fine New School Story by T. C. Bridges Begins Next Week

MEN OF THE MIST

The Exciting Adventures of Two Boys Among the Indians Told by T. C. Bridges, the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 72

The Blizzard

"I DON'T believe it's Gurney at all," said Billy, rather breathlessly. Clem glanced at Pluto. The big dog was listening keenly, but not growling.

"It can't be," he whispered back. "Pluto would know."

Again a pause. The waiting was dreadfully trying.

"Whoever it is, they can see the smoke of the fire," said Billy.

Clem got up quietly. He had his rifle in his hands.

"I'll crawl up through the bushes," he said, in a very low voice. "Perhaps I'll be able to see them."

Before he could move, a voice rang out:

"Hands up, all of you! You're covered."

Instead of putting his hands up, Clem gave a joyful shout.

"All right, Jock. We've got them long ago."

Jock Scarlett's face as he stepped out into the open, followed by half a dozen of the Mist men, was a study in amazement.

"You, Clem! How did you get here?"

"No time to explain now," answered Clem swiftly. "But here's Billy all right, and Pelly and Craze are tied up in the tent."

"You've got Pelly and Craze. My word, you're a miracle, Clem! But Gurney—where is he?"

Clem's face fell.

"I hoped you'd got him. Didn't he come to Dad and offer terms?"

Jock's good-looking face suddenly hardened.

"Yes, he came, but his bluff didn't work. Your father flatly refused to bargain with him. He told him that he should never have a penny from him, but that if he touched Billy he'd hunt him down if it took him the rest of his life."

"What happened then?" asked Clem.

"Gurney went off with a face like a thunder-cloud, and Bart ordered me to take twenty of our men and try to find Billy."

Clem nodded.

"I see what's happened. Gurney must have got the wind up, and cleared while the going was good."

"Then where has he gone?" Jock asked.

"I haven't a notion," Clem answered. "The only thing to do is to set our fellows on his track."

Jock spoke to one of the Indians, a tall, fine-looking man known as Black Eagle, and he at once called to the others, who went off quickly. Three others stayed with Jock.

"We must get the prisoners in," said Jock. "And Billy will have to be carried. Bart says the big snow is coming today, and the sooner we're back in the valley the better."

Clem agreed. The prisoners were brought out, and, with their hands tied, marched away by two of the Mist Indians. The third took Billy on his back, and they all moved off rapidly through the wood.

Mr. Ballard and Bart were waiting in the cleft. When Bart saw Billy he gave a great roar of joy. As for Billy's father, he could hardly speak. To get both his boys back safe seemed almost too good to be true, and at first he paid no attention to the prisoners or anything else. It was Bart, with his strong common-sense, who cut in:

"See here, Ballard, the job's only half done. It's Gurney we want. You've got to remember he's the only chap that can fix things so that you can go back safe to England. Isn't that so?"

"You're right, Bart. We must get him if we can."

"I've sent Black Eagle and a party after him," put in Jock.

"Good for you," said Bart.

"Then, wherever he's gone, I reckon they'll have him before dark."

"They will if the snow doesn't come," said Jock, glancing anxiously at the sky. "But it's not going to be long now."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a shrieking blast came whistling across the great slope, a wind so cold it seemed to pierce the thickest furs like so much paper. Then, in an instant, the air was full of fine, driving snow-dust.

Bart caught Clem by the arm.

"Come right along, sonny. Come on, all of ye. It's as much as we'll do to reach the house."

CHAPTER 73

The Monster Again

TEN days had passed. The blizzard was long over and the weather fine, calm, and clear, but the air tingling with frost; the big house in the Indian village was covered almost to the eaves with snow, and they had had to dig out the doors and windows.

As for the boys, Billy's ankle was well, and they had been spending the last few days in learning to travel on snow-shoes. At supper that night, in the big dining-room, Billy was very silent.

"A penny for your thoughts, Billy," chaffed Jock.

"I reckon he's thinking of that fellow Gurney," said Bart.

"Don't worry your head about him," put in Mr. Ballard quickly.

"The man must be dead long ago. He could never have survived that blizzard. And I'm not worrying, either. I shall be quite happy to stay here for the rest of my life."

Billy looked up.

"You won't, Dad," he said with conviction, "but as a matter of fact, I wasn't thinking of Gurney. I was thinking of Altemus. You know we promised him a rifle. Can we take him one?"

Billy's father looked grave.

"Certainly he can have one," he said, "but there is no need for you boys to go. I can send it by Black Eagle."

"But we promised to go, Dad," pleaded Billy.

Bart cut in.

"Don't you trouble your head, Ballard. I'll go with 'em."

Mr. Ballard's face cleared.

"In that case I shan't mind, Bart," he said.

"Hurrah!" cried Billy. "Then let's go tomorrow."

This was agreed, and, as soon as it was light, the three set out.

The day was perfect, and they reached the pass where they had left Altemus at about ten in the morning. The very first thing they spotted were tracks of snow-shoes on the smoothly blown surface.

"He's been here," said Billy, frowning. "I say, what bad luck! He's been here and gone again."

Bart nodded.

"The track is fresh. I reckon he was here no longer ago than yesterday."

"And he was expecting his rifle," said Billy. "I say, Bart, do let's go on and give it him."

Bart looked doubtful.

"What about this monster you've been talking about?"

"I don't suppose he will bother us," said Clem. "You know we smashed him up pretty badly."

After some discussion it was agreed that they should go on, and, with the snow in good order, it was only a little past midday when they found themselves in the Valley of the Monster.

"I reckon we'll keep to the hills," said Bart drily, as he looked round at the great desolate valley.

It was just as well they did so,

for as they rounded the steep slope above Altemus's cave all three pulled up short.

"My goodness, there's the brute!" exclaimed Clem.

Bart stared.

"I've seen queer things in my life," he said gravely, "but I'll tell ye straight, I never dreamed that a thing like that was still alive on this earth."

Even the boys, who had seen the beast before, felt cold chills creep down their spines. The giant bear was like a great black blot against the snow. Its long hair glistened with hoar-frost as it hunched itself, motionless, as close as it could get to the mouth of the cave.

CHAPTER 74

Clearing Things Up

BART was the first to recover himself.

"I reckon that thing's lived long enough," he said grimly, as he thrust cartridges carefully into the magazine of the heavy rifle that he had brought for Altemus. Then he lay down on the snow and sighted carefully.

As his finger tightened on the trigger a sharp crack sent the echoes ringing, and was followed by a thud as the bullet struck the cave bear.

Instantly the huge brute woke to fearful life, rearing up to its full height and roaring horribly.

Bart paid no attention, but fired again and again. The range was only about a hundred yards, and every bullet got home. The monster leaped and raged in vain efforts to reach his enemy.

"He sure takes a lot of killing," said Bart, firing for the sixth time.

"You got him in the eye that time," said Clem, in a whisper.

"You've finished him!" cried Billy. As he spoke the bear reared up on its hind legs, standing full twelve feet high, then fell over on its back, and lay quivering.

Bart, aiming more carefully than ever, put two more bullets into the beast's head. That finished it.

Next moment the tall figure of Altemus himself appeared at the mouth of the cave.

"Hurrah! I'm so glad you're safe!" shouted Billy.

The Indian smiled gravely, and came climbing up to meet them.

"You have done me a very good turn, my friends," he said in his grave, precise way. "We have been besieged for the past twenty-four hours, and my buck shot only seemed to infuriate the monster."

"Have you someone with you?" asked Billy quickly.

"I have indeed. I picked up a man in the blizzard, badly frost-bitten. His name is Gurney."

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"Gurney!" cried both the boys at once. "Oh, what luck!" went on Billy. "He's the man who tracked us up here."

"And now he is dying," said Altemus gravely. "But come in. We have much to say."

They first looked at the monster, marvelling at its tremendous size and weight. Then they followed Altemus into the cave.

On Altemus's own bed lay a man. It was Gurney, but so shrunk and wasted that they hardly recognised him. He was changed, too, for he no longer scowled at them.

"I'm sorry to see you like this," said Clem quietly.

"You need not be," Gurney answered, in a voice so low and hoarse that they could hardly hear him. "If I had lived I should have done more harm than I have done already. Now that I know I am going out I have come to look upon things differently. Altemus, there, has helped me. If his skin is red, he is the whitest man I have ever met." He stopped, coughing terribly.

"His lungs are frozen," whispered Altemus. "I have done what I could for him, but there is no hope. He cannot last long."

"Then can we ask him to clear father of the forgery for which he was put in prison?" asked Clem.

"He has done it already," replied Altemus. "Yesterday he got me to write down the whole story, which he signed, and I have witnessed it."

Clem drew a long breath of relief.

"Dad will be very grateful to you, Mr. Altemus," he said. "And so are we."

Just then Gurney spoke again. His voice was weaker than ever.

"Have you got Craze and Pelly?" he asked.

"Yes," Clem answered.

"What is your father going to do with them?"

"He was going to keep them prisoners. They are well treated."

Gurney hesitated. The change in him seemed beyond belief.

"Ask him to let them go," he said hoarsely.

It was Bart who answered; Clem was too astonished.

"I'll see to it, Gurney. We'll do the right thing, you can bet on that."

"I believe you will," said Gurney. Then he smiled at Clem.

"Altemus will give you the paper which will right matters for your father," he said. "I'm glad I could do that before I finished."

Clem felt dreadfully sorry for the man. As he saw him lying there dying, all the old bitterness left Clem's heart. He bent over him.

"I'll tell him what you have said," he told Gurney. "I—I—it will be all right," he ended lamely.

Gurney smiled.

"Thank you," he said. "Would you—would you mind shaking hands?"

Clem flushed, but took Gurney's wasted hand. Gurney smiled again.

"That makes me feel better," he said. "Now I'll sleep a bit."

Gurney did not wake again. He died quietly in his sleep. Next day the boys and Bart helped to bury him, then returned home, leaving Altemus alone in his cave.

Clem himself handed his father Gurney's confession and watched him read it. As he did so he seemed to become visibly younger.

He laid the paper down and turned to the boys, his eyes shining.

"We'll go home," he said. "We'll go home in the spring. Bart and Jock will carry on here."

Billy looked dismayed.

"But not for good, Dad? You're not going to give up this jolly old place altogether?"

"No indeed!" answered his father, smiling. "As soon as you boys have finished your schooling back we come."

He turned to Bart.

"I'm a happy man, Bart," he said—"a very happy man."

THE END

Five-Minute Story

The Rogue

FOUR dishonest goldsmiths of the East were in the bazaar discussing their methods of cheating their customers.

"I take four annas in the rupee," said one.

"I take eight," said another.

"I take twelve," said the third; and the fourth goldsmith cried, "I take all."

A listener hastened to the Palace and repeated their conversation to the Rajah.

"Ah!" cried the Rajah. "So this rogue will take all, will he? But not from me. Go at once and bring him to the Palace, and you will see."

The goldsmith arrived at the Palace bowing and smiling, and asked how he might serve the Most Highest.

The finest gold was produced, and he was ordered to make a superb necklace and to do his work on the verandah.

The rogue immediately set to work, his eyes gloating over the fineness of the gold; but at a moment when he was unobserved he drove a nail in a wooden pillar of the verandah. On the nail he placed a piece of meat, which was immediately seized and carried away by a huge kite. Every day he placed meat upon the nail, and every day the watching kite swooped down upon it.

All day the goldsmith worked with cunning fingers on the necklace of gold, and at night he returned to his own house and worked on one exactly like it made of brass. When it was finished he dropped it into his pot of acid water, and returned to the Palace.

The next morning he began to work industriously at completing the necklace in the presence of the Rajah.

Suddenly he dropped this necklace also into the pot. But it was the brass one that he drew out, gleaming like gold.

"Behold, Most Highest!" he cried. "The necklace of gold is now finished, and never have my fingers done better work. See, I have used all the fine gold as commanded by the Most Gracious, for I am a truly honest man, as everybody knows!"

Taking up the sham chain, he hung it upon the nail where it was his custom to make a feast for the kite, so that the Rajah might see it in all its beauty.

Immediately the kite swooped down and carried off the prize.

"Oh, thief! Oh, wicked one!" cried the rogue, tearing his hair and his garments in pretended despair. And his distress was so violent the Rajah pitied him, and ordered more gold to be brought to make another necklace.

That night the dishonest fellow departed with the real gold necklace in his pot, for he had taken all, according to his boast.

But the rogue, foolishly repeating this cunning trick, was discovered and well punished.



Be Cheerful as the Sunshine and the Laughing Sky



D! MERRYMAN

THE dog was barking furiously, and Jack hesitated at the garden gate.

"He's all right!" called out Jack's uncle. "Walk straight past him. Remember, a barking dog never bites."

"Yes, Uncle," replied Jack. "But how am I to know that he won't stop barking?"

WHEN has a man four hands?
When he doubles his fists.

An Underground Passenger



SAID the worm, with a tremor,
"Oh dear,
There's an early bird hovering near;
So by tube I will travel,
'Neath inches of gravel;
When he's gone, will you signal
All clear?"

WHY is a bad picture like weak tea?
Because it is not well drawn.

The Screaming Child

MY neighbour's child is ugly,
My neighbour's child is rude;
It never seems to hush its screams
For slumber or for food.
Existing like the mighty whale,
With mouth for ever wide,
What swarms of gnats and bees and
bats
Must get in its inside!

Buried Towns

IN each of the following sentences
a European town is buried:
Did the climber link himself to
his guide?
James rode all the way to
London.
Hey, presto! now you will see
a change.
The hero met his little daughter at
the station.
What are they? *Answers next week*

Sound Sleepers

THE engine's started, and, sure
enough,
The usual echo, chuff, chuff, chuff,
Is filling our ears—now muffled,
now roaring.
It must be the sleepers we travel
on, snoring!

A Figure Puzzle

HERE are three rows of figures:

111

777

999

Strike out six figures so that the
total of the remainder will be twenty.

Solution next week

The Boy We Like

THE boy who never makes fun of
old age;

The boy who does not cheat in
work or play;

The boy who never calls anybody
bad names, no matter what any-
body calls him;

The boy who never lies;
The boy who never makes fun of
a companion for something he could
not help;

The boy who is never cruel to
animals;

The boy who says "no" when
asked to do wrong;

The boy who is always courteous
to girls;

The boy who would rather be
right than be King of England.

WHAT is the difference between a
dive into a furious sea and a
rash of bacon?

One is a rash thing, and the other
a rasher.

Rolling Rover

A FOOLISH young doggie named
Rover

Went hunting for bees in the clover;
And, as you'd suppose,

He got stung on the nose,
Which made him roll over and over!

WHEN is sugar like a pig's tooth?
When it is in a hog's head.

That Settled It

THE children could not agree as
to how to spell elephant.

"No," said George. "Your way
is wrong."

"Well, I ought to know," replied
Tom, emphatically. "I've seen
one at the Zoo!"

What Is It?

IN Amsterdam 'tis common,
Yet Holland lacks it still;

It's on every moor and mountain,
Yet not on any hill;

It never was in Italy;
But yet in Rome appears;

It comes in every minute,
Yet not in twenty years.

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Farmer and the Geese

Farmer B bought 25 geese at 5s.
each, and he meant to ask 6s. 3d.
each for them.

What Am I? Note, not

Who Was He?

The Miller's Son was Rembrandt

Puzzles That Answer Themselves



Draw a line from dot number one in order to dot number 33, and you will see how the child has been passing his time.

Jacko by the Sea

BELINDA was very mad with Jacko.

"Jumping up on the car like that," she said, "and following us when we had said good-bye and thought you'd gone home!"

Jacko ducked his head to hide a grin.

"I only did it for a lark," he said.

"Well, we won't say any more about it," said Belinda kindly. "Joe and I are going to stay at the sea for a week, and as you're here you may as well come with us—that is, if you are a good boy," she added impressively.

Jacko did his best; and for two whole days he was a perfect marvel. After that things began to go wrong.

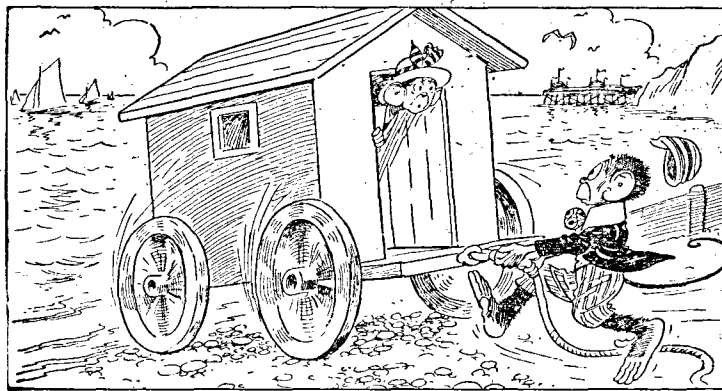
The weather was so hot that Belinda decided the only cool place was the water. She went into the sea at all hours.

One morning, when everybody else had gone home to lunch, Belinda came down to the beach and looked round for the bathing-machine man. He wasn't to be seen.

"I don't care!" declared Belinda. "I'm not going to wait—but where have the machines all got to?"

They were drawn up, high and dry, out of the way of the tide, which was just coming in.

Belinda darted off to the nearest, climbed up the steps, and



Jacko hung on with all his might

disappeared inside. And Jacko squatted down on the beach, and began flinging stones into the water.

"I shall have a long way to walk," called Belinda—she was thinking of her poor toes on the hard pebbles.

Jacko grinned. Poor old Belinda! he thought. And then a brilliant idea came into his head; he would run the machine down to the water. It should be easy enough.

It was a bit too easy. When he kicked away some of the stones in front of the wheels, and took a running leap at it, that old machine fairly danced across the beach.

"Help!" cried Jacko, hanging on with all his might.

"Help!" cried Belinda. "What are you doing, Jacko? You'll have me over!"

She was over! She fell with a bang against the door; and if it hadn't been locked she would have been out.

But still the machine went on. Jacko couldn't stop it.

"Stop!" shrieked Belinda. "It will be in the water!"

It was—well in! Just there, unfortunately, the beach sloped at a terrific angle; and before help came the water was over the floor of the machine.

It gave Belinda such a shock that she wouldn't bathe again, and she threatened to send Jacko home that very day.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Mirror in the Garden

We have received many accounts of how birds will fight themselves in a mirror.

To scare the birds from peas growing in his garden, a neighbour placed a piece of looking-glass in the sun near the peas. It seemed to frighten all except one blackbird who was building a nest close by. He came down and fought his reflection in the glass savagely for a long time.

Then the gardener moved the glass to another part of the garden, but the bird found it and started the fight again till the glass was removed.

The bird still comes to the garden, and apparently searches for his enemy.

Le Miroir au Jardin

On nous a souvent parlé de la façon dont les oiseaux se battent contre eux-mêmes dans un miroir.

Pour écarter les oiseaux des pois qui poussaient dans son jardin, un voisin plaça un fragment de glace au soleil près des pois. Ce fragment semblait effrayer tous les oiseaux sauf un merle qui faisait son nid dans le voisinage. Il descendit et lutta longtemps et avec féroce contre son image reflétée dans le verre.

Le jardinier transporta alors le miroir dans une autre partie du jardin, mais l'oiseau le découvrit et recommença la lutte jusqu'à ce qu'on eût ôté la glace.

Encore maintenant l'oiseau retourne au jardin et semble chercher son ennemi.

Tales Before Bedtime

Buckle Your Shoe

TIMOTHY sometimes wore buckled shoes, sometimes laced ones, and sometimes shoes with a strap that buttoned; but he always forgot to fasten them.

One, two,

Buckle your shoe.

That was what everyone said when Timothy fell over his shoe-laces, but still he forgot to fasten them till old Farmer Reed's little red bull helped him to remember.

Timothy went to school every day through the farmer's field, where nice, friendly, spotted cows grazed quietly, and he never minded them at all.

Then came a dreadful morning when Farmer Reed turned his little red bull into the field too, and Timothy went to school wearing his new scarlet tam-o'-shanter.

Bulls don't like scarlet tam-o'-shanters; and when Timothy foolishly took his off to wave to a school friend he could see on the road, the little red bull grew suddenly fierce, and lowered his horns, and began to race across the field madly.

Tim ran with all his might; and there is not the slightest doubt he would have reached the gate in safety if he had not forgotten to lace his shoes.

Over the laces he stumbled, and up raced the little red bull and tossed poor Tim over into the next field.

"Oh, I'm killed! I'm killed!" roared Timothy, and the farmer and the pigsty boy came running across the field in a terrible fright.

But Timothy was not killed; he was just bruised all over, and one of his legs was broken.



He forgot to fasten them

They carried him to the farm, and the farmer's wife put him in her best feather bed, where he lay for weeks and weeks, and did not enjoy himself the least little bit.

"And who's to blame but yourself, ninny?" asked the farmer's wife. "Well, well! What's done can't be undone. When you get up again you'll look after your shoe-laces, I'll be bound."

She pinned a white card at the end of the bed, and when Timothy got up again he did feel wise, for on the card was written in red cross-stitch letters: "One, two, buckle your shoe."

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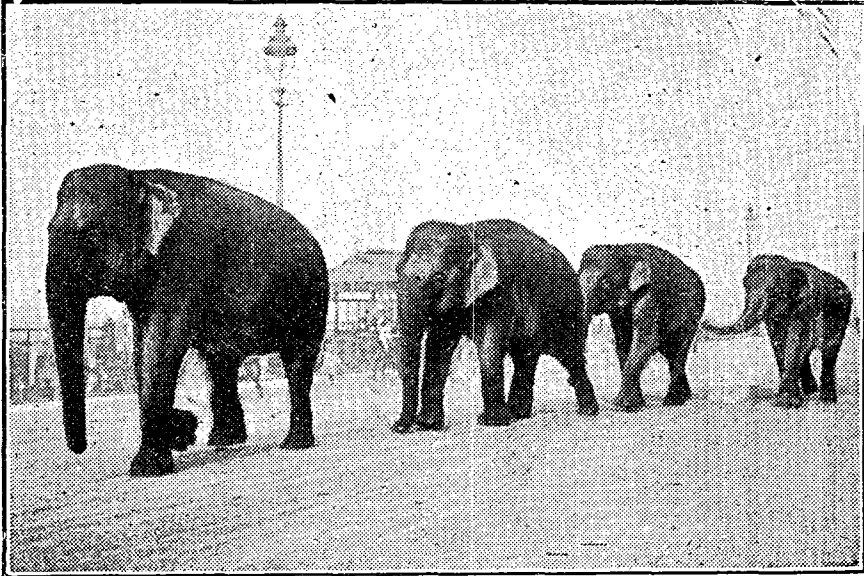
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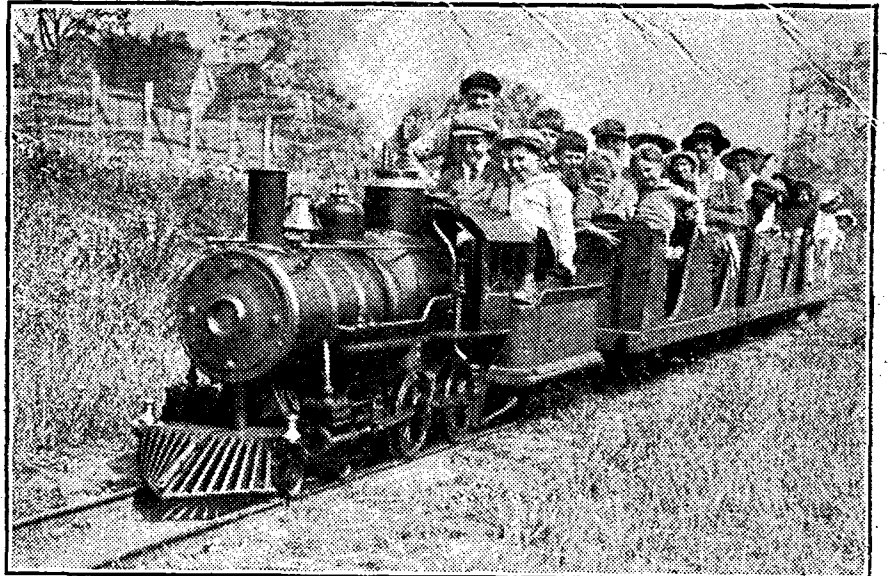
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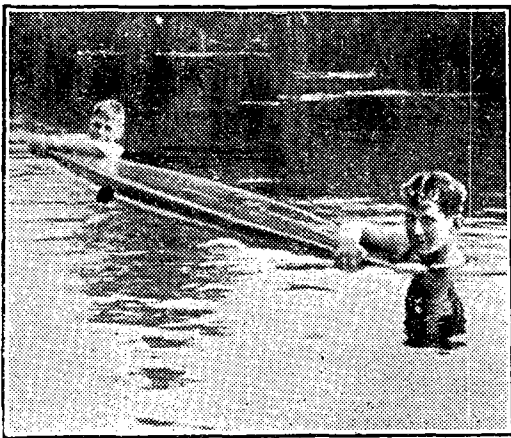
ELEPHANTS BY THE SEA · TEACHERS GO TO SCHOOL · GIRAFFE'S TOILET



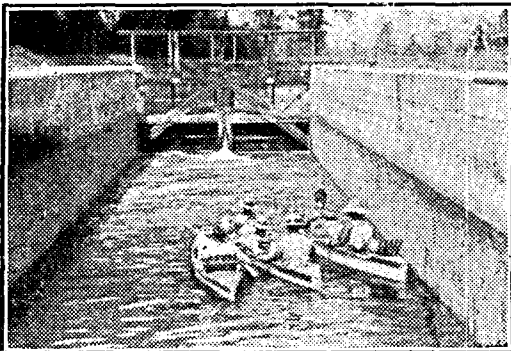
Taking the Sea Air—Visitors at Brighton have been surprised more than once lately by seeing this line of elephants out for a promenade on the sea front. They belong to a visiting circus



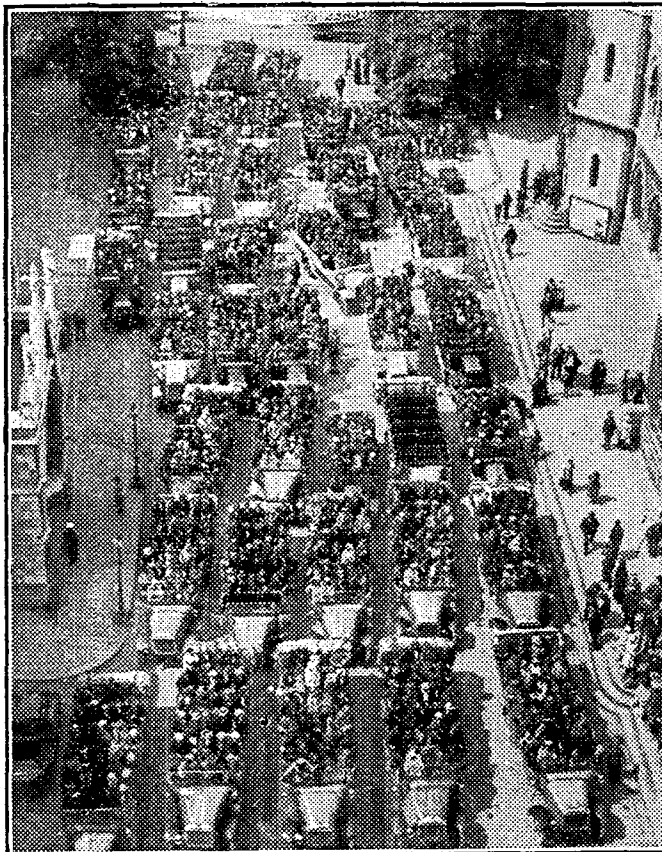
Off to the Seaside—Claimed to be one of the smallest railways in the world open to the public, this working model of a train at Southend-on-Sea always has a full load of passengers



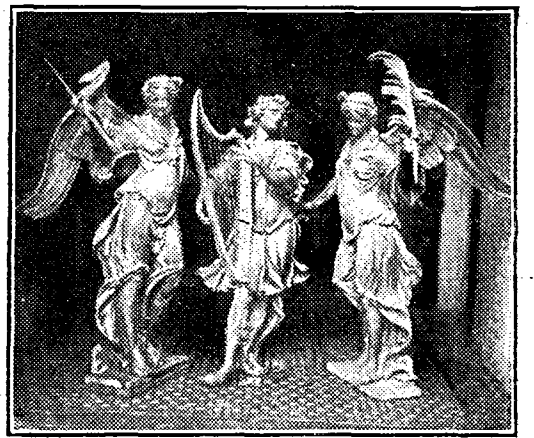
After the Upset—Leeds Boy Scout patrol leaders on holiday in France righting an overturned canoe



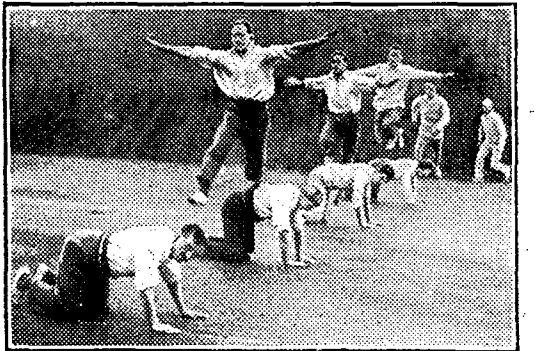
In the Steps of Stevenson—Boy Scout patrol leaders of the Modern School at Leeds have spent a fine holiday in France, and they are shown here near Landrecies, following the route that R. L. S. took



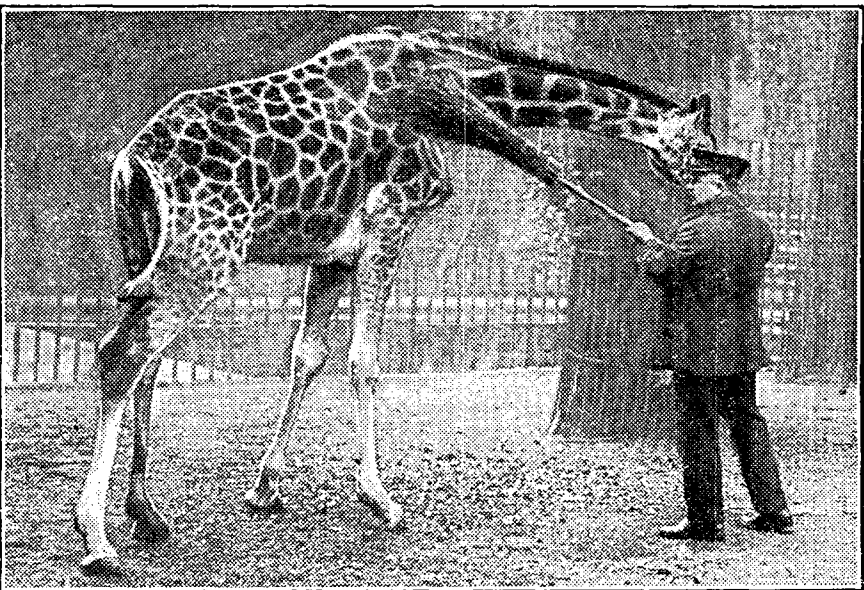
On the Road—Never in history have the roads been used so much as they are today, and here we see a great excursion of nearly 900 people belonging to the Ancient Order of Foresters starting from Plymouth in forty charabancs for an excursion to Dartmoor



Found After Many Years—Carved oak figures, 230 years old, recently found in Southwark Cathedral, London



Teachers at School—A group of masters who are attending the summer school of teachers at Scarborough, where gymnastics form an important part of the study course, enjoying a game of leap-frog



The Finishing Touch—Smartening up the giraffe at the London Zoo in readiness for visitors, whose numbers are very large during the holiday weeks. The giraffe is always very popular



Looking for Chocolates—A pet lamb at Penge, which stands outside its master's shop and is a great favourite with the children of the district, who feed it on chocolates and cakes

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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